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Tower's Third Reader.

# THE GRADUAL READER.



BOSTON:  
CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY.  
1860.

Edwa T 758.61.842



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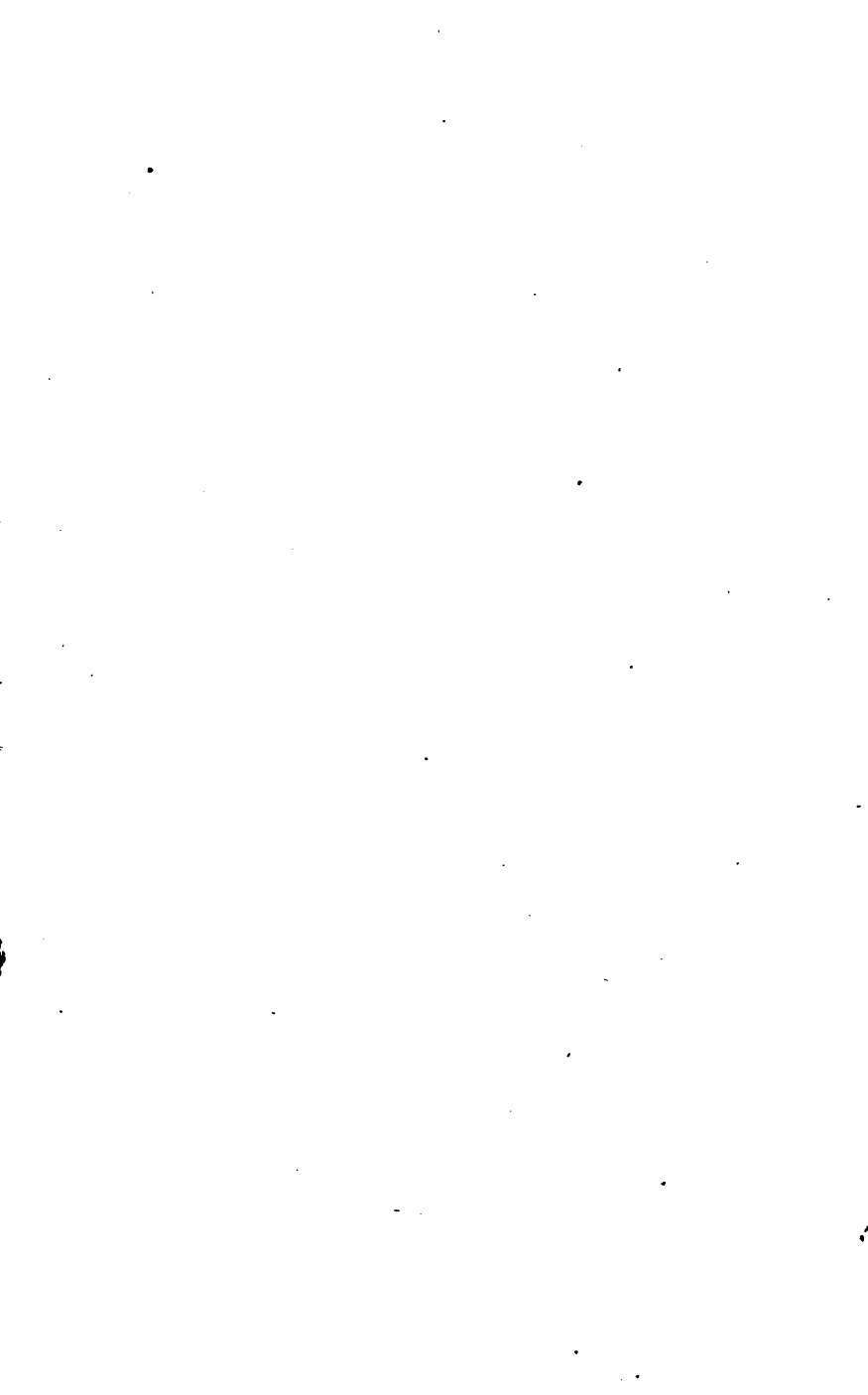
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**TOWER'S THIRD READER.**

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THE  
**GRADUAL READER.**

**FIRST STEP;**

OR,

**EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.**

DESIGNED TO DEVELOP AND STRENGTHEN THE

**ORGANS OF SPEECH,**

AND TO FACILITATE THE CORRECT UTTERANCE OF THE

**ELEMENTARY SOUNDS AND THEIR COMBINATIONS.**

WITH

**READING LESSONS**

FOR

**PUPILS IN THE YOUNGER CLASSES**

BY

**DAVID B. TOWER, A. M.,**

Late Principal of the Elliot Grammar School, Boston, and of the Pennsylvania  
Institute for the Instruction of the Blind; Author of Intellectual  
Algebra, or Oral Exercises in Algebra, for  
Common Schools.

**ENLARGED EDITION.**

**BOSTON:**

**CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE AND COMPANY.**

**1861.**

Edue. T 758.61.842

## TOWER'S READERS.

### Tower's Pictorial Primer, or Child's

BOOK FOR HOME AND SCHOOL. With SIXTY very beautiful ILLUSTRATIONS.  
All the text drawn from the CUTS. Just published.

### • Tower's Gradual Primer, Boston School

EDITION, is illustrated by FIFTY-SIX CUTS.

### Tower's Introduction, or Second

READER, BOSTON EDITION, is illustrated by SIXTY-SIX CUTS.

#### CITY OF BOSTON.

IN SCHOOL COMMITTEE, September 2, 1856.

Ordered. That TOWER'S GRADUAL PRIMER be the Text Book of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Classes in the Primary Schools.

Attest:

BARNARD CAPEN, Secretary.

THE GRADUAL READER is the only text book for reading in the Fourth Class of the Boston Grammar Schools; and TOWER'S FIFTH READER the only text book for the Second Class in the same schools.

#### From the School and Schoolmaster,

By those eminent Teachers, GEORGE B. EMERSON, Esq., of Boston, and PROF. ALONZO POTTER, Bishop of Pennsylvania.

"Lessons should be given for the double purpose of exercising the organs of the voice, and of teaching full and perfect enunciation. There are two excellent works, containing suitable Exercises for this purpose — one of which is TOWER'S GRADUAL READER, recently introduced into the Boston Schools, with the best effects."

"After the simple sounds, exercises should follow in the most difficult combinations of consonants — on which an excellent series of lessons may be found in the GRADUAL READER, already referred to. It is by such exercises, daily resumed, but never continued long at once, that the organs of the voice are trained, and perfect enunciation, the most important element of reading, speaking, and, in no slight degree, of thinking, is gradually acquired."

These Readers are acknowledged to be superior in the literary, moral, and solid character of the SELECTIONS, and to be preëminently adapted to cultivate a love of truth and virtue, and a correct taste in the young. One reason why teachers are so well pleased with them, and why they consider them *superior* to all other Readers, is, because they were made by men eminent in the profession, of large experience, every way qualified to prepare such text books.

Evidence is being constantly received that these books will bear the most rigid scrutiny, and are most esteemed where they are most thoroughly known. At an impartial and extraordinarily protracted examination, they have just been adopted for the city of St. Louis. In preference to every other series of Readers presented to the board, both old and new, although one new series was offered *gratuitously*. They have just received a similar preference in the city of Hartford. They have been unanimously recommended by the book committee of the State Teachers' Association of Illinois, by the State School Commissioners of New Hampshire, and by the State Superintendent of California, &c. They are in use in the State Normal Schools of Massachusetts and New York, and with unvarying satisfaction in the public schools of New Orleans, Nashville, Memphis, Springfield, (Illinois,) Harrisburg, Middletown, Cambridge, Boston, Providence, Brooklyn, New York, and in many of the most prominent places throughout the Union.

On petition of the Teachers, they have just been restored to the Charlestown schools, after a six months' trial of a *New Series*.

NEW EDITION, entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by DAVID P. TOWER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



## PREFACE.

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A just and distinct articulation is the first and most important requisite of good reading or speaking. But, though the *teacher* can derive efficient aid in improving himself from the works of Bush, Barber, and Russel, this subject has been sadly neglected in the text books prepared for the *pupil*. In later reading books, a few faults in pronunciation are pointed out, which really spring from habits of indistinct articulation; and when the pupil is properly exercised in the elementary sounds and their combinations, those faults will disappear. But they can never be removed by lopping a branch here and there, and leaving the tree to take deeper root. Instead of hacking limbs continually year after year, to little purpose, it would be wiser to extirpate the sapling, root and branch.

All the elements of good reading cannot be taught at once: and the secret of success in this, as in other branches, is to *teach only one thing at a time*. Correct articulation is the basis of this art, and we must look well to the foundation before we can safely rear the superstructure; it is therefore necessary that, in the order of teaching, it should take precedence of the other elements. The pupil should be accustomed to utter the Elementary Sounds and their Combinations correctly and with vigor, while quite young; because the organs of speech are then more flexible, and, having fewer studies, he can better spare time to exercise these organs. While yet ignorant of the philosophy of language, and of the branches that serve as collateral aids in acquiring a knowledge of it, he can attain a distinct articulation, though ill prepared for the higher efforts of elocution, requisite to express properly the thoughts and emotions of the author.

Portions of the "Exercises in Articulation" have been used during the last seven years, as far as they could be, orally and upon the black-board, in the school under the author's charge. But the want of *printed exercises* in the hands of the pupil, has been severely felt, especially by the teachers associated with him; and they have been unable fully to carry out his plans. As no text book of the kind has yet made its appearance, the author has been induced to publish these "Exercises," at the suggestion of many friends of education who have witnessed their results, and at the request of several brother teachers who have felt the same want.

The Reading Lessons that follow the "Exercises," are adapted to the capacity of pupils on leaving the primary schools. In making the selection many pieces have been tested, and those which failed to interest such pupils and command their attention, have been rejected. The compiler trusts that the authors will excuse the liberty he has taken in altering the extracts, as the alterations have been made, in no instance, with the idea that he could amend their writings, but simply to adapt them to the design of the book.

The "First Step," or an attempt to separate the *mechanical* from the *intellectual* in teaching *reading*, — to train the voice even before the philosophy of language is understood, — has been so favorably received by the public, and it accords so well with the views of every teacher to whom it has been submitted, that an entire series of Readers will be prepared.



## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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IN using the "Exercises," no regard should be paid to the *meaning* of the examples. Let the whole attention be given to articulating the Elementary Sounds and their Combinations distinctly and properly, and to pronouncing the words correctly. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the pupil, that he must *attend to only one thing at a time*, if he wishes to understand it. That the continual repetition of the same sound in different words, is by far the best way to make it familiar, must be obvious to every teacher. Besides, the pupil will thus incidentally acquire a correct pronunciation of many difficult words.

Those who have paid little attention to this subject will hardly be expected, at first, to take a deep interest in a work of this kind. But the *industrious* teacher will fit himself for a faithful discharge of his duty, and, if ignorant upon this subject, will rejoice at any aid in acquiring or imparting a knowledge of it. Public opinion now demands that he should *teach reading*; and if this work should assist him in so doing, its design will be accomplished.

An edition of the "Exercises," without the "Reading Lessons," has been published, at the request of teachers, for the use of more advanced pupils; since too much importance cannot well be attached to the proper exercise and effectual training of the vocal and enunciative organs.

"The vocal organs, by which we produce voluntary and tunable sounds, are the larynx and glottis, assisted by the muscles of the chest. The enunciative organs, by which we add to the tunable impulses of the voice the specific modifications of literal and verbal utterance, are the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the *uvula*, and the palate. The air of the lungs, forcibly emitted through the throat, produces voice; and this, modified by the enunciative organs, becomes speech.

"Correct articulation, indeed, is the most important exercise of the voice and organs of speech, and of the most indispensable necessity; because any imperfection in this respect obscures every other talent in a reader or speaker; while one who is possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulate correctly, will be well understood, and heard with pleasure. According to Mr. Sheridan, a good articulation consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved mode of pronouncing it; if this point be not observed, the articulation must be proportionally defective."

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## NEW EDITION.

SOME of the examples have been left out of the Exercises, to use a larger and fuller type; and a few verbal alterations have been made in several of the first selections.

# EXERCISES

IN

## ARTICULATION.

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### ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

[THE following Exercises, designed to train the vocal and enunciative organs, should be practised till the pupil can utter the Elementary Sounds correctly. First, let him utter the *word* which is given for an example; next, the *element italicized* in that *word*; then, alternately, the *words*, and the *elementary sound* of the *italic letters* in the words, when not silent; and lastly, the *sentences, solely* with reference to *correct articulation* of the Elementary Sound.]

#### EXERCISE 1. *a*, marked *â* or *ä*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *a*, as heard in *ale*: *age*, *name*, *gale*, *late*, *aim*, *straight*, *jail*, *daily*, *raiment*, *display*, *array*, *obey*, *they*, *whey*, *conveyance*, *freight*, *inveigh*, *feint*, *sleigh*, *skein*, *neighbor*, *gauge*, *gaol*, *great*, *ere*.

So stately her bearing, so proud her *array*, the *main* she will traverse forever and *aye*. He *gave* to the *gale* his snow-white *sail*. Our *age* is but a *shade*, our life a *tale*. The earth is veiled in shades of night.

#### EXERCISE 2. *e*, marked *è* or *ê*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *e*, as heard in *me*: *epitome*, *tea*, *bereave*, *streamer*, *release*, *bohea*, *deceit*, *leisure*, *ceiling*, *receipt*, *redeem*, *agree*, *razee*,

jubilee, *key*, grief, relieve, *siege*, pier, cashier, pique, shire, marine, police, mandarin, ravine, people, quay, mien.

Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.  
There pleasing streams with crystal murmurs creep.  
From each terrestrial bondage set me free. O teach  
me to elude each latent snare.

EXERCISE 3. *i*, marked *ì* or *î*, and *ÿ*, vowel.

The letters in italics have the sound of *i*, as heard in time: mine, idle, repine, benign, *lie*, tied, type, deny, rhyme, pyre, proselyte, height, sleight, buy, guide, aisle, rye.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars. Strike, for the sires who left you free. The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang. For life, for life, their flight they ply. Bright as the light of a good man's smile.

EXERCISE 4. *o*, marked *ò* or *ô*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *o*, as in ode: no, roll, dome, console, zero, tone, door, oak, boat, approach, heroes, hoe, four, dough, moulder, resource, snow, window, own, beau, bureau, flambeau, portmanteau, shew, sew, yeoman.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll. There is a rapture on the lonely shore. The freed soul soars to its home on high. The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea.

EXERCISE 5. *u*, marked *ù* or *û*, and *w*, vowel.

The letters in italics have the sound of *u*, as in cube: tube, lute, tune, refute, blue, residue, value, hue, suit, sluice, new, sinew, view, adieu, purlieu, feud, eulogy, euphony, beauty.

The kindling azure is illumed with fluid gold.

There is music in the deep blue sky. *Adieu* to thee, fair Rhine! a vain *adieu*! Thy hand imbues the clouds with all pure tints.

EXERCISE 6. *a*, marked â or ä.

The letters in italics have the sound of *a*, as in *far*: *bar*, *alms*, *palm*, *ah*, *father*, *bath*, *dart*, *psalm*, *aunt*, *laugh*, *launch*, *heart*, *hearth*, *hearken*, *guard*.

The calm shade shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze shall waft a balm to thy sick heart. At intervals the voice of psalms is heard. The harp's silver tone on the far breeze is borne.

EXERCISE 7. *a*, marked â or ä.

The letters in italics have the sound of *a*, as in *mat*: *at*, *and*, *man*, *mammoth*, *lump*, *back*, *has*, *began*.

The good man has perpetual Sabbath. They were plaided and plumed in their tartan array. Their voice in battle shall be heard no more. Nor doth remain a shadow of man's ravage, save his own.

EXERCISE 8. *e*, marked ê or ë.

The letters in italics have the sound of *e*, as *met*: *let*, *end*, *well*, *tent*, *head*, *realm*, *heaven*, *peasant*, *steady*, *endeavor*, *said*, *saith*, *again*, *maintain*, *says*, *friend*, *leopard*, *guess*, *any*, *many*, *bury*.

Chill penury repressed their noble rage. The long-remembered beggar was his guest. Still let my steady soul thy goodness see. Thence the bright spirit's eloquence hath fled. And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

EXERCISE 9. *i*, marked î or ĭ, and ĳ, vowel.

The letters in italics have the sound of *i*, as in *pin*: *if*, *intend*, *timid*, *rich*, *fountain*, *captain*, *mountain*,

forfeit, surfeit, biscuit, conduit, guilt, been, sieve, lyrical, mystery, carriage, busy, business.

From cliff to cliff the smoking torrents shine. So flourishes and fades majestic man. The wildered fancy dreams of sporting fountains. There is he lost 'midst heaven's high mysteries. The sick earth groans with man's iniquities. Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

EXERCISE 10. *a* and *o*, marked *â*, *ô*, *â*, *ö*, and *ä*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *a*, as in ball, or *o* in nor: all, water, walk, warm, bald, also, altar, orb, morn, scorn, absorb, storm, forlorn, daub, fraud, author, autumn, caught, bawble, awl, law, awe, hawthorn, yawn, broad, thought, besought, nought.

Lonely was the hall, the tapestry fled the wall.  
Forward speeds the wild horse to thy falling waters.  
Of all that's holy, holiest is the good man's pall.  
Peace smiles on all they fought for. I have looked  
over the hills of the stormy north. I know of a land  
where there falls no blight.

EXERCISE 11. *o* and *u*, marked *ô* and *û*, or *ô*, *ü*, *ö*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *o*, as in move, and of *u* in rule: prove, lose, tomb, ado, who, improve, true, rural, fool, bloom, balloon, too, doom, group, tour, surtout, uncouth, accoutre, shoe, canoe, bruise, fruit.

The rule would prove him a consummate fool. I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude. Blows were our welcome, rude bruises our reward. Through the cool grove onward he moved. How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the heaven! Dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven to censure fate.

EXERCISE 12. *u* and *o*, marked *û* and *ô*, *û*, *û*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *u*, as in *bull*, and *o* in *wolf*: *full*, *push*, *pull*, *cuckoo*, *worsted*, *cushion*, *foot*, *wood*, *woollen*, *would*, *should*.

Not for his delight the vernal *cuckoo* shouted. He stood behind a *bush* of *elder*. The *foot* of *wolf* could never thread this *wood*. *Full* many a *flower* is born to blush unseen. For his own good alone man should not toil.

EXERCISE 13. *o* and *a*, marked *ô* or *ö*, *â*, *ä*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *o*, as in *not*, and *a* in *wad*: *blot*, *stop*, *odd*, *observe*, *softly*, *was*, *what*, *swan*, *walnut*, *swap*, *squad*, *quality*, *quadruped*, *cough*.

The quality of mercy is not strained. Thou art gone, lone wandering, but not lost. He has gone where the eye cannot follow him. For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!

EXERCISE 14. *u*, *o*, marked *û* or *ü*, *ô*, *ö*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *u*, as in *tub*, and *o*, as in *come*: *up*, *run*, *dull*, *muff*, *nun*, *undone*, *doth*, *love*, *nothing*, *none*, *front*, *shove*, *son*, *blood*, *touch*, *trouble*, *covetous*, *courage*, *pious*, *flourish*, *cousin*, *does*, *vicious*, *ocean*, *bellows*.

The summer gay droops into pallid autumn. Even half a million gets him no other praise. The land they loved so well was bought with blood. Some fretful tempers wince at every touch. The world has much of strange and wonderful.

EXERCISE 15. *oi*. *oy*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *oi*, as in *oil*: *soil*, *point*, *avoid*, *boiler*, *exploit*, *voice*, *boy*, *toy*, *annoy*.

No noise is heard around but thy majestic voice.  
Ambition scoffs at useful toil and 'homely joys.  
'There are seats left void in your earthly homes.  
The spoilers had passed like the poison wind's  
breath. It is the voice of joy that murmurs deep.  
From a boy I wantoned with thy breakers.

#### EXERCISE 16. *ou, ow.*

The letters in italics have the sound of *ou*, as in  
sound: round, ounce, thou, loud, cloud, our, owl, vow,  
town, shower, allow.

Faith looks beyond life's narrow bound. Thou  
didst wrap the cloud of infancy around me. The  
fierce wolf prowls around thee now. The fox-howl  
is heard on the fell afar. How bowed the woods be-  
neath their sturdy stroke! Thy thunder's sound  
shakes the forum round and round.

### ELEMENTARY SOUNDS OF CONSONANTS.

#### EXERCISE 17. *b.*

The letters in italics have the sound of *b*, as in  
*babe*: mob, bane, rob, abbot, bone, bib, sob, imbibe.

Life may long be borne ere sorrow breaks its chains.  
Where bubbles the fount o'er its pebbly bed. The  
red bolt defying, right onward he bears. The butter-  
fly is glancing bright across the sunbeam's track.  
Dark glens beneath in shadowy beauty sleep.

#### EXERCISE 18. *d.*

The letters in italics have the sound of *d*, as in  
*did*: deep, door dead, made, done, aid, indeed.

So waves the nightshade round the sceptic's head.  
Come, mariner, down in the deep with me. Death  
deals with all, of high or low degree. His days are  
spent in chaining down his heart. Deeds of dark-  
ness were done beneath the eye of day.

EXERCISE 19. *g*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *g*, as in  
give: rag, gone, gate, gig, log, gain, hag, bog.

Life itself must go to him who gave it. Give  
thanks to God, from whom all good goes forth.  
Here rest the great and good in lowly graves. Go,  
get thee gone; the world will hold us both.

EXERCISE 20. *h*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *h*, as in  
hat: hall, hope, heavy, horse, home, head, help, be-  
hind.

Teach me to fix my hopes on high. One morn I  
missed him on the accustomed hill. Here have I  
fled the city's stifling heat. All eager, he hastened  
the scene to behold. I heard — and the moral came  
home to my heart.

EXERCISE 21. *l*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *l*, as in all:  
line, let, ale, lily, lull, live, loyal, lute, lone.

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea. His  
lazy limbs in listless languor lay. A still small  
voice rose sweetly on the ear. Its lonely columns  
stand sublime. Lonely and lovely is the silent glen.

EXERCISE 22. *m*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *m*, as in  
man: aim, mammon, fame, move, come, dim, met.



With *music* I come from *my* balmy home. All men think all *men* mortal but themselves. *Murmuring*, mellow notes are *mine*. *Man*, the hermit, sighed, till woman *smiled*. One *minute* of heaven is worth them all. Fools may admire, but *men* of sense approve.

EXERCISE 23. *n* simple.

The letters in italics have the sound of *n*, as in not: *nine*, *never*, *sun*, *ran*, *rain*, *can*, *ninny*, *nun*.

Pain *never* wrung forth a deeper moan. Then *mine* alone be the winning tone. But *crimson* now her rivers *ran* with human blood. To err is *human*; to forgive, *divine*. His *name* can rouse no feeling now but *scorn*.

EXERCISE 24. *p*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *p*, as in pen: *pine*, *top*, *pull*, *pop*, *pipe*, *apple*, *hope*.

Wave your *tops*, ye *pin*es, in *pr*aise and worship. They repose in *pillared* *pi*les and *py*ramids. *Pe*ace! child of *passion*, *pe*ace! *P*ages stand mute by the canopied *pal*l. O! *point* my *path* to everlasting *pe*ace.

EXERCISE 25. *r* rough when it precedes a vowel in the same syllable.

The letters in italics have the sound of *r*, as in ripe: *right*, *rang*, *rush*, *rope*, *red*, *river*, *rural*.

The *rocks* are *riven*, and *rif*ted oaks upturn. *Rough* winter *rudely* rends the robes of autumn. *Thunder*, rattling, *roaring*, rolls the woods around. We love thy *rude* and *rocky* shores.

EXERCISE 26. *r* smooth when preceded by a vowel in the same syllable.

The letters in italics have the sound of *r*, as in car: *star*, *morn*, *far*, *warm*, *form*, *murmur*, *arm*.

The lark carols clear in yonder pure sphere. His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course? For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn.

EXERCISE 27. *v.*

The letters in italics have the sound of *v*, as in vine: *vow*, *live*, *save*, *vivid*, *vale*, *votive*, *prove*.

Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck. A vapor dull bedims the waves so beautiful. Fast the wave of life is ebbing from our veins. Vincled vales are vocal with the vintage song. The living revel in thy light and love.

EXERCISE 28. *w*, consonant, like *ð* shortened, and uttered abruptly.

The letters in italics have the sound of *w*, as in wave: *wind*, *wood*, *wonder*, *away*, *will*, *wish*, *woe*.

Soft winds went murmuring by, with low and pensive sound. All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own. The wild and wanton winds there wail and weep. The western waves rolled on their way. What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

EXERCISE 29. *y*, consonant, like *ē* shortened, and uttered abruptly.

The letters in italics have the sound of *y*, as heard in year: *yarn*, *yield*, *yonder*, *your*, *yoke*, *yeoman*.

But yesterday, and Cæsar might have stood against the world. Yonder comes the powerful king of day, rejoicing in the east. How dense and bright yon pearly clouds reposing lie. Then from glad youth to calm decline, my years would gently glide.

EXERCISE 30. *f*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *f*, as in *fine*: *if*, *full*, *off*, *fine*, *enough*, *phantom*, *philosopher*.

*Fond* fancy retraces the *far-off* past. *Enough*, no *phantom* mocks us, and no *fears* distract. *Life's* last rapture triumphs over her woes. *From* cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine

EXERCISE 31. *j*, or *g* soft, sound of *dzh*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *j*, as in *jewel*: *just*, *judge*, *ginger*, *age*, *grandeur*.

Eden's pure gems angelic legions keep. The stars in their nocturnal vigils rest. Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot o'er the grave. *No* *grandeur* is above the reach of woe.

EXERCISE 32. *k*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *k*, as in *kite*: *kept*, *kindred*, *call*, *come*, *cap*, *concur*, *chord*, *choir*, *choral*, *chronicle*, *black*, *queen*, *quote*, *quick*.

Where the sickle cuts down the yellow corn. Many a sigh called forth by thee, has swelled my aching breast. The calm shade shall bring a *kindred* calm.

EXERCISE 33. *s*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *s*, as in *sun*: *sound*, *sister*, *save*, *miss*, *debase* *acid*, *cease*, *city*.

So sweet her song, that sadness weeping smiled. No censer lights our altar now. The swan's sweetest song is the last he sings. Such sighs are incense from a heart sincere.

EXERCISE 34. *t*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *t*, as in *time*: *tell*, *tone*, *went*, *intent*, *tint*, *helped*, *stopped*, *rocked*.

*Trumpet* and *timbrè* are now mute in the text. We take no note of time, but from its loss. Men must be taught as if you taught them not.

EXERCISE 35. *z.*

The letters in italics have the sound of *z*, as in zone: *zenith*, *rose*, *was*, *suffuse*, *resume*, *suffice*, *Xenophon*.

The *zones* obey thee, as thy billows rise. There is no breeze upon the lake. The waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider. Wisdom mounts her *zenith* with the stars.

EXERCISE 36. *n, compound or ringing sound.*

The letters in italics have a ringing sound, as in song: *think*, *bank*, *brink*, *drank*, *finger*, *languid*, *sanc-tion*.

Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow. Clasp me a little longer on the brink of fate. It mingles with the dross of earth again. Adore, O man, the *finger* of thy God.

EXERCISE 37. *sh.*

The letters in italics have the sound of *sh*, as in push: *sheepish*, *lash*, *gracious*, *machine*, *chaise*, *pension*, *conscious*, *passion*, *patient*, *ocean*, *psalm*.

Loud surges *lash* the sounding shore. *Psalm!* what a deal of needless ranging. Conscience makes cowards of us all. List to the *shout*, the *shock*, the *crash* of steel.

EXERCISE 38. *th, (sharp.)*

The letters in italics have the sound of *th*, as in thin: *think*, *theme*, *thank*, *teeth*, *truth*, *breath*.

Time, the subtle *thief* of youth, *hath* stolen my

years. *Faith* touches all *things* with the hues of heaven. A good deed done *hath* memory's blest perfume. In all you speak, let *truth* and candor shine.

EXERCISE 39. *th*, (*flat*), marked FH.

The letters in italics have the sound of *th*, as in *this*: *than*, *thou*, *though*, *blithe*, *beneath*, *thus*, *thine*, *fathom*.

He never gives a mite to *soothe* the wanderer's pains. *Then* shalt *thou* find *that thou* wilt *loathe thy* life. *There* is solemn darkness *beneath their* boughs.

EXERCISE 40. *zh*.

The letters in italics have the sound of *zh*, as heard in *glazier*: *azure*, *usual*, *evasion*, *measure*, *rouge*.

Their plumes now shine with *azure* and with gold. A vision of beauty appeared on the cloud. No *rap-*  
*ture* dawns, no treasure is revealed.

EXERCISE 41. *x*, (*sharp*).

The letters in italics have the sound of the combination *ks*, as heard in *makes*: *tax*, *six*, *excel*, *flax*.

It fans the smoking *flax* into a flame. Changing empires wane and *wax*, are founded and decay. *Sil-*  
*ence*, ye billows, — *vex* my soul no more. Teach me to *fix* my dearest hopes on high.

EXERCISE 42. *x*, (*flat*).

The letters in italics have the sound of the combination *gz*, as heard in *bags*: *exact*, *exist*, *exempt*, *exhaust*, *exalt*.

This imperial realm *exacts* allegiance from her sons. This right is sacred as the right to *exist*. Let us *exult* in hope, that all shall yet be well.

TABLE FOR REVIEW  
OF  
CONSONANT ELEMENTS.

[The following Table is designed as a short review of the *Elementary Sounds of the Consonants*. First, utter the Elementary Sound of the *Short Vowels*; next, the *Syllable*, produced by the combination of the vowel sound with that of the Consonant; and then the elementary sound of the *Consonant alone*, as indicated by the closing sound of the syllable. Proceed across the page.]

## EXERCISE 43.

ă, ăb, b.	ě, ěb, b.	ĩ, ĩb, b.	ő, őb, b.	ű, űb, b.
a, ad, d.	e, ed, d.	i, id, d.	o, od, d.	u, ud, d.
a, af, f.	e, ef, f.	i, if, f.	o, of, f.	u, uf, f.
a, ag, g.	e, eg, g.	i, ig, g.	o, og, g.	u, ug, g.
a, ak, k.	e, ek, k.	i, ik, k.	o, ok, k.	u, uk, k.
a, al, l.	e, el, l.	i, il, l.	o, ol, l.	u, ul, l.
a, am, m.	e, em, m.	i, im, m.	o, om, m.	u, um, m.
a, an, n.	e, en, n.	i, in, n.	o, on, n.	u, un, n.
a, ap, p.	e, ep, p.	i, ip, p.	o, op, p.	u, up, p.
a, ar, r.	e, er, r.	i, ir, r.	o, or, r.	u, ur, r.
a, as, s.	e, es, s.	i, is, s.	o, os, s.	u, us, s.
a, at, t.	e, et, t.	i, it, t.	o, ot, t.	u, ut, t.
a, av, v.	e, ev, v.	i, iv, v.	o, ov, v.	u, uv, v.
a, ăz, z.	e, ez, z.	i, iz, z.	o, oz, z.	u, uz, z.
a, ang, ng. <sup>36</sup>	e, eng, ng.	i, ing, ng.	o, ong, ng.	u, ung, ng.
a, ash, sh.	e, esh, sh.	i, ish, sh.	o, osh, sh.	u, ush, sh.
a, ath, th. <sup>38</sup>	e, eth, th.	i, ith, th.	o, oth, th.	u, uth, th.
a, ath, th. <sup>39</sup>	e, eth, th.	i, ith, th.	o, oth, th.	u, uth, th.
a, ax, x. <sup>41</sup>	e, ex, x.	i, ix, x.	o, ox, x.	u, ux, x.
a, ax, x. <sup>42</sup>	e, ex, x.	i, ix, x.	o, ox, x.	u, ux, x.
a, azh, zh.	e, ezh, zh.	i, izh, zh.	o, ozh, zh.	u, uzh, zh.
a, aj, j.	e, ej, j.	i, ij, j.	o, oj, j.	u, uj, j.

## COMBINATIONS OF THE CONSONANTS.

[The following Exercises in the Combinations of Consonants, designed to train the vocal and enunciative organs, should be used till the pupil can utter each *combination* distinctly, forcibly, and with ease, giving to *each element* in the combination its due and appropriate sound. First utter the *word* containing the combination; next, the *combination* by itself; then, alternately the *word* and the *combination*; and finally, the *sentences*, solely with reference to distinct articulation of the combined Elementary Sounds, represented by italic letters, when those letters are not silent.]

EXERCISE 44. *bd, ldst.\**

Prob'd, ebb'd, daub'd, imbib'd, sobb'd, prob'dst.

He gazed on hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun. Prejudices are often imbibed from custom. The glow has ebbed from his hollow cheek. Then thou prob'dst the wound which now has healed. Think how thou stabb'dst him in the prime of youth.

EXERCISE 45. *bl.*

Blind, noble, blow, able, block, bubble, blemish.

There is a world where there falls no blight. Why should gold man's feeble mind decoy? How blessings brighten as they take their flight! Since thou art but of dust, be humble and be wise.

EXERCISE 46. *bld, bldst.*

Disabl'd, doubl'd humbl'd, hobbl'dst, trembl'dst.

He forsakes earth's troubled waters for a purer spring. 'Tis but the fabled landscape of a lay. Thou trembl'dst then, if never since that day. Thou humbl'dst hosts on old Platea's day.

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\* If any combination be found too difficult at first, return to it again, after going through, and the organs of speech will be found stronger and more flexible from the continued use of the exercises.

EXERCISE 47. *llz, llst.*

Baubles, nobles, pebbles, troubl'*st*, humbl'*st*.

The heart, benevolent and kind, the most resembl'*es* God. Thus bubb'*les* rise and vanish on the deep. Hence! thou troubl'*st* me with vain requests.

EXERCISE 48. *br.*

Brave, brine, brow, bright, breeze, embroil.

O soft are the breezes, that play round the tomb. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted! Ocean's broad breast was covered with his fleet. There spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile.

EXERCISE 49. *bz, bst.*

Webs, ribs, probè's, robes, rob'*st*, prob'*st*, robb'*st*.

They bowed like shrubs beneath the poison blast. Then fear appalled the scattered tribes. Yet with no gentle hand thou prob'*st* their wounds.

EXERCISE 50. *dzh, dzhd.*

Edge, lodge, image, privilege, fledg'*d*, presag'*d*.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness! Why judge you then so hardly of the dead? Their winglets are fledg'*ed* in the sun's hot rays. A sound in air presag'*ed* approaching rain.

EXERCISE 51. *dl.*

Handle, ladle, meddle, bundle, cradle, kindle.

The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more. Alas! it would not pay for candle-light. From man to man, like fire, the kindling impulse flew. I have been an outcast from my cradle.



EXERCISE 52. *dlđ, dlđst.*

*Cradl'd, paddl'd, waddl'd, bridl'dst, fondl'dst.*

Thy mind once *kindled* with each passing thought.  
My days are *dwindled* to the shortest span. In boy-  
hood's day thou *trundl'dst* the hoop. Stung by the  
viper thou *fondl'dst* when young.

EXERCISE 53. *dlz, dlst.*

*Handles, ladles, bundles, cradl'st, kindl'st.*

The hind, scarce conscious why, *handles* his targe  
and bow. Man seems the only growth that *dwindles*  
here. In very sooth, thou *waddl'st* like a duck. In  
thy upward flight thou *dwindl'st* to a speck.

EXERCISE 54. *dn.*

*Gold'n, lad'n, bidd'n, gladd'n, lead'n, old'n.*

Angels drop on their *golden* harps a pitying tear.  
There shall the coral *redde'n*, and the ruby glow. He  
has *bidd'n* adieu to his earthly friends.

EXERCISE 55. *dnz, dnd.*

*Gard'ns, gladd'ns, ward'ns, sadd'n'd, burd'n'd.*

It *gladdens* the blood in an old man's heart. Our  
hearts are eased of *burdens* hard to bear. They fly,  
or *maddened* by despair, fight but to die. Death  
never *saddened* your scenes of bloom.

EXERCISE 56. *dr.*

*Drop, dress, drive, drover, dreadful, dream.*

On the ear *drops* the light *drip* of the suspended  
oar. True wit is nature, to advantage *dressed*. The  
*dread* beat of *drum* broke the *dreamer's* sleep. Fair  
• *visions* of home cheered the desert so *dreary*.

## EXERCISE 57.

*Didst, hadst, amidst, add'st, bidd'st, tread'st.*

They have gone down *amidst* the roar of the tempest. Thou *bidd'st* the shades of darkness fly. Thou, from primeval nothingness, *didst* call, first chaos, then existence.

EXERCISE 58. *dth, dths.*

*Width, hundredth, breadth, hundredths, breadths.*

The *width* of the stream again dismayed him. For the *hundredth* time, he frowned and smiled. It took four *breadths* of cloth to make the cloak.

EXERCISE 59. *dz.*

*Buds, weeds, odds, adze, lids, shades, abodes.*

No clouds shall on thy waters lie darkling. One feeble blast would fearful *odds* against thee cast. These *shades* are the *abodes* of undissembled gladness.

EXERCISE 60. *f.*

*Flame, fly, trifle, fleece, baffle, flow, rifle, flight.*

Lord Marmion's falcon *flew* with wavering *flight*. At every *trifle*, scorn to take offence. Her *flag* streams wildly, and her *fluttering* sails pant to be on their *flight*. He looks on life but as a *fleeting* dream.

EXERCISE 61. *fd, fldst.*

*Rifled, baffled, shuffled, stiffed, muffed, baffledst, trifledst.*

The war-drum is *muffed*, and black is the bier. It has *rifled* the buds from the blooming tree. Now tell me how thou *baffledst* thine enemy.

EXERCISE 62. *flz, flst.*

*Rifles, baffles, ruffles, triff'st, ruff'st, stiff'st.*

Not to know some trifles, is a praise. He shuffles along with his slip-shod pace. Fear lends him wings, and he baffles pursuit. Thou triff'st with what is not thine own.

EXERCISE 63. *fn, fnd, fnz.*

*Stiff'n, sof'n, sof'ns, stiff'ns, sof'n'd, deaf'n'd.*

Here shall the billows stiffen and have rest. The surly storms now soften into joy. The woods are deafened with the roar. Truth softens the heart with its simple tones.

EXERCISE 64. *fr.*

*Frame, friend, refresh, phrensy, phrenology.*

Ye dreadless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost! An honest love is not afraid to frown. Angels from friendship gather half their joy. Labor is but refreshment from repose.

EXERCISE 65. *fs, fst.*

*Whiffs, puffs, fises, laughs, puff'st, laugh'st.*

Mortals, on life's later stage, still grasp at wealth. Forests are rent, and cliffs in ruin piled. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn? Thou scoff'st at virtue's homely joys.

EXERCISE 66. *fl, fln.*

*Oft, soft, waft, doff'd, draught, laugh'd, fift.*

Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise. Where billows rise and sink on the chafed ocean-side. The draught of pleasure still is dashed with woe. Justice shall list aloft her even scale.

EXERCISE 67. *fts, flst.*

*Lifts, rafts, tufts, wafts, draughts, wast'st, list.*

Prosperity! I court thy gifts no more. Death lifts the veil that hides a brighter sphere. Over the wintry desert drear thou wast'st thy waste perfume.

EXERCISE 68. *gd, gdst.*

*Begg'd, rigg'd, lagg'd, digg'd, dragg'd, bragg'dst.*

The very elements are leagued with death. Yet still the creeping tortoise lagged behind. Thou begg'dst in vain the hermit's blessing then.

EXERCISE 69. *gl.*

*Gleam, glory, glove, glitter, eagle, struggle, single.*

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow. Through glades and glooms the mingling measures stole. From thicket to thicket the angler glides.

EXERCISE 70. *gld, gldst.*

*Struggl'd, hagg'l'd, ming'l'd, mang'l'dst, ming'l'dst.*

The bells he jingled, and the whistle blew. I saw it in the wheel entangled. He gazed enraptured on the spangled canopy. How beautifully thou ming'l'dst life and death!

EXERCISE 71. *glz, glst.*

*Eagles, juggles, spangles, jungles, struggl'st, mingl'st.*

I have roamed where the hill-foxes howl, and eagles cry. Spangles, in the sunny rays, shine round the silver snow. Before thou mingl'st in the jostling crowd. Thou struggl'st, as life upon the issue hung.

EXERCISE 72. *gr.*

*Green, grip, grow, grain, ground, grief, engrave.*

*Grandeur, strength, and grace here speak of Deity.  
If they rule, it shall be over our ashes and graves.  
The groves of Eden yet look green in song.*

EXERCISE 73. *gz, gst.*

*Logs, figs, dregs, rogues, leagues, begg'st, digg'st.*

*The fisherman drags to the shore his laden nets.  
You have bartered life for bags of gold. The school-boy lags with satchel in his hand. Thou begg'st in vain, no pity melts his heart.*

EXERCISE 74. *kl.*

*Cling, wrinkle, cliff, circle, clover, chloride, knuckle.*

*The sea-gems sparkle in the depths below. The sovereign sun in glory hath declined. Subject neither to eclipse nor wane, duty exists. All feel the assaults of fortune's fickle gale.*

EXERCISE 75. *kld, kldst.*

*Sparkl'd, wrinkl'd, circl'd, freckl'd, buckl'dst, twinkl'dst.*

*Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front. The stars dim twinkled through his airy form. O holy star! that twinkl'dst on the shepherd's path.*

EXERCISE 76. *klz, klst.*

*Sparkles, circles, pickles, uncles, sparkl'st, freckl'st.*

*Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow. The storm-bird wheels in circles round the mast. It leaves behind a wave that crinkles bright. Thou sparkl'st like a gem of the starry sky.*

EXERCISE 77. *kn.*

*Tok'n, black'n, slack'n, deac'n, falc'n, wak'n, shak'n.*

By the storms of circumstance *unshaken*, duty exists. Though clouds *thicken* round us, we heed not the storm. Sunshine can yet *waken* a burst of delight.

EXERCISE 78. *knd, kndst.*

*Wak'n'd, dark'n'd, black'n'dst, heark'n'dst.*

And *darkened* Jura answers through her misty shroud. With *quicken'd* step brown night retires. Thou *hearken'dst* not when wisdom bade thee heed.

EXERCISE 79. *knz, knst.*

*Tok'ns, deac'ns, falc'ns, thick'ns, beck'n'st, wak'n'st.*

The mountain's glowing brow *betokens* the sun's approach. Mist *darkens* the mountain, night *darkens* the vale. Thou *awaken'st* there a warmer sympathy.

EXERCISE 80. *kr.*

*Kraken, crime, across, increase, creation, crown, crash.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a *crown*. Aim not to trace the secrets of the skies. There *crystal* streams with pleasing murmurs *creep*.

EXERCISE 81. *ks.*

*Oaks, sticks, lakes, relics, rocks, box, axe, six.*

Sighs, and groans, and shrieks now rend the air. Age *shakes* Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon. Ye mouldering relics of departed years!

EXERCISE 82. *kst, ksth.*

*Shak'st, wak'st, rock'st, speak'st, next, mix'd, sixth.*

*Seek'st* thou the plashy brink of weedy lake? Of

differing themes the veering song was mixed. And many a holy text around she strews. Henry the Sixth bids thee despair.

EXERCISE 83. *kt.*

*Rock'd, rak'd, wak'd, lik'd, sect, prospect, subject.*

Each season looked delightful as it passed. He waked at the vessel's sudden roll. I deny the competency of parliament to do this act.

EXERCISE 84. *kts, ktst.*

*Acts, respects, objects, respect'st, act'st, lik'dst.*

It gilds all objects, but it alters none. Thy lucid ray directs my thoughts to realms on high. Thy rays give lustre to the insect's wing. Thou act'st the fool as it were natural to thee. I heard thee say but now, "thou lik'dst not that."

EXERCISE 85. *lb, lbz, ld.*

*Bulb, bulbs, old, mild, cold, gild, field, child, fold.*

There too the Elbe, with gentle murmur, glides. He toiled, and moiled, poor muck-worm! Oft did the harvest to his sickle yield. Be as a child in meek simplicity.

EXERCISE 86. *ldz, ldst.*

*Gilds, fields, folds, yields, wilds, hold'st, shield'st.*

Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds. Drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds. Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight. Thou yield'st to fate without a murmur now.

EXERCISE 87. *lf, lfs.*

*Self, wolf, pelf, shelf, elf, gulf, sylphs, elfs, gulfs.*

O how self-fettered is the grovelling soul! Though gulfs yawned under thee, I would not leave thee. It is the vulture's abode, the wolf's dreary cave.

EXERCISE 88. *lft, lfth, ldzh, ldzhd.*

Ingulf'd, twelfth, bilge, indulge, bilg'd, indulg'd.

The lake is ingulfed amid sheltering hills. I, with them, the twelfth night kept the watch. Indulge no useless wish, but be content. He indulged his wit and lost his friends.

EXERCISE 89. *lk, lks, lkst, lkt.*

Elk, milk, bulk, elks, silks, milk'st, milk'd, mulct.

Crowned with her pail, the tripping milk-maid sings. In silks and satins new, we worship in these days. The kine were milk'd, and flocks were in the folds.

EXERCISE 90. *lm, lmd, lmz, lmst.*

Elm, film, whelm'd, films, realms, overwhelm'st.

The heathen heel her helm has crushed. The steed was barbed and the warrior helmed. Films slow-gathering dim the sight. Thou overwhelm'st them with the whirlwind's sweep.

EXERCISE 91. *ln, lp, lps, lpst, lpt, lptst.*

Stol'n, swoln, pulp, whelps, scalp'st, help'd, help'dst.

Even our fallen fortunes lay in light. Feeble Cæsars shrieked for help in vain. The Alps have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps. Thou scalp'st thy victim while his pulse yet beats. I was the first that helped thee to the crown. Those crumbling piles thou help'dst to rear.

EXERCISE 92. *ls.*

False, dulse, else, pulse, impulse, repulse.



Oft by *false* learning is good sense défaced. How wearily at times the *pulse* doth beat. *Else*, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire ?

EXERCISE 93. *lst.*

*Ru' st, fi' st, call' st, fall' st, wheel' st, roll' st, convuls' d.*

Thou *fill' st* existence with Thyself alone. Thou *marshall' st* me the way that I was going. Thou *call' st* its children a happy band. Life flutters *convuls' d* in his quivering limbs.

EXERCISE 94. *lt, lth, lths.*

*Bolt, wilt, guilt, wealth, filth, stealth, healths.*

Wisdom finds an equal portion *dealt* to all mankind. Misery is wed to *guilt*. *Health* consists with temperance alone. Here shalt thou gaze on villages, and *tilth*, and herds. In drinking *healths*, men but invite disease.

EXERCISE 95. *lts, lst.*

*Faults, bolts, melts, assaults, half' st, mell' st.*

The *assaults* of discontent and doubt repel. A friendly eye could never see such *faults*. Meanwhile the clouds in airy *tumults* fly. Thou *mell' st* with pity at another's woes.

EXERCISE 96. *lv, lvd.*

*Twelve, valve, helve, solve, revolve, resolv' d, involv' d.*

O fix thy firm *resolve*, wisdom to wed. Now night's dim shades again *involve* the sky. No precious fate with mine *involved*, my heart is fearless.

EXERCISE 97. *lvz, lvst.*

*Wolves, elves, shelves, valves, dissolv' st, revolv' st.*

Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow. Man *resolves*, and re-*resolves*, then dies the same. Thou *solv'st* the problem at the expense of life.

EXERCISE 98. *lz.*

*Toils*, *steals*, *calls*, *balls*, *morals*, *laurels*, *embroils*.

Fools may admire, but men of sense approve. Man buys and sells, — he *steals*, he *kills* for gold. Peace rules the day, when reason rules the mind. Fools will rush in, where angels fear to tread.

EXERCISE 99. *md, mdst.*

*Fam'd*, *seem'd*, *bloom'd*, *illum'd*, *doom'd*, *doom'dst*.

Let us keep the soul *embalmed* in living virtue. The rose *seemed* to weep for the buds it had left. Thou *doom'dst* thy victims to untimely death.

EXERCISE 100. *mf, mfs, mft.*

*Nymph*, *lymph*, *triumph*, *triumphs*, *nymphs*, *triumph'd*.

This hour to Europe's fate shall set the *triumph*-seal. What are man's *triumphs*, when they brightest seem? Life's last rapture *triumphed* o'er her woes.

EXERCISE 101. *mp, mps, mpst.*

*Pomp*, *lamp*, *lumps*, *lamps*, *swamps*, *thump'st*.

Through *camp* and court he bore the trophies of a conqueror. And a *plump* little child for a pendulum swung. How poor the *pomps* of earth compared with heaven! Thou *damp'st* their zeal, already on the wane.

EXERCISE 102. *mz, mst.*

*Gems*, *plums*, *blooms*, *comes*, *tombs*, *doom'st*, *seem'st*.

The air *seems* hallowed by the breath of other

*times.* For thou art freedom's now and fame's. I love thee, winter, all unlovely as thou seem'st.

EXERCISE 103. *ml, mts, mtst.*

*Prompt, contempt, stamp'd, cramp'd, attempts, prompt'st.*

Be ever *prompt* to answer duty's call. He *stamped*, and fumed, and raved in vain. He *tempts* the perilous deep at dawn. Thou *prompt'st* the warrior to his deeds of fame.

EXERCISE 104. *nd.*

*End, land, bond, stand, mind, bound, stunn'd.*

With heart *and* hand, I'll by thee *stand*. Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than those of war. Pine groves *bend* with soft *and* soul-like sound.

EXERCISE 105. *ndz, ndst.*

*Ends, lands, hands, bonds, minds, bend'st, send'st.*

The rivulet *sends* forth glad sounds. *Hinds*, with simple *hands*, shall dress thy rural tomb. Answer how thou *found'st* me. In a seven-fold twine thou *bend'st* thy arch.

EXERCISE 106. *ng. (36) Elementary, not a Combination.*

*Song, long, ring, wing, bring, swing, wrong, singing.*

Its solemn tones are *ringing* in my ear. *Ding-dong, ding-dong!* merrily go the bells. While his parting hung rich o'er the world. *Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting*, possessed beyond the muse's *painting*.

EXERCISE 107. *ngd, ngdst.*

*Wrong'd, wing'd, hang'd, twang'd, wrong'dst.*

They thronged around her magic cell. The snowy

winged plover skims over the deep. The number may be *hanged*, but not be crowned. Thou *wrong'dst* thyself to write in such a case.

EXERCISE 108. *ngz*.

*Songs, fangs, rings, wings, wrongs, sings, throngs.*

*Throngs* of insects in the glades try their thin *wings*. From labor health, from health contentment *springs*. Peace scatters *blessings* from her dewy *wings*.

EXERCISE 109. *ngst, ngth, ngths*.

*Ring'st, wrong'st, sing'st, cling'st strength, lengths.*

Thine is a strain to read *amongst* the hills. Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow *length* along. He was the proudest in his *strength*, the manliest of you all. Short views we take, nor see the *lengths* behind.

EXERCISE 110. *ngk, ngks, ngkst*.

*Drink, rank, pranks, lynx, thank'st think'st.*

Fruits were his food, his *drink* the crystal well. In each low wind *methinks* a spirit calls. Down bend the *banks*, the trees depending grow. O, deeper than thou *think'st*, I have read thy heart.

EXERCISE 111. *ngkt, ngkts*.

*Rank'd, thank'd, wink'd, flank'd, precinct, precincts.*

*Linked* to thy side, through every chance I go. God had been *thanked*, and they began to eat. Till Death *winked* at our hero as he passed. He has left the warm *precincts* of the cheerful day.

EXERCISE 112. *ndzh, ndzhd*.

*Hinge, range, fringe, cringe, reveng'd, chang'd.*

Possessions vanish and opinions change. But with a frown, *Revenge*, impatient, rose. In all save form alone, how changed! The pine is fringed with a softer green.

EXERCISE 113. *ns.*

*Tense, sense, dance, incense, science, defence, expanse.*

In search of wit, some lose all common *sense*. Fools give to *chance* the glory of God's works. Like cool *incense* comes the dewy air. The fire-flies *glance* through the myrtle boughs.

EXERCISE 114. *nst.*

*Canst, against, owns't, minc'd, crown'st incens'd.*

No more shall nation *against* nation rise. Give what thou *canst*; without thee we are poor. Fairest of stars! thou *crown'st* the smiling morn. At the intruding staff the adder *lanced* her arrowy tongue.

EXERCISE 115. *nsh, nsht.*

*Bench, launch, quench, avalanche, launch'd.*

Now *launch* the boat upon the wave. Where forms and falls the *avalanche*,—the thunderbolt of snow. *Quenched* is the flame on Horeb's side. He is *launched* on the wreck-covered river.

EXERCISE 116. *nt, nth, nth.*

*Lent, rant, tenth, labyrinth, tenths.*

He went to see how money might be made, not *spent*. Earthly pride is but the transient *pageant* of an hour. Few speak, wild, stormy *month*, in praise of thee. A *labyrinth* of ruins, Babylon spreads over the blasted plain. Here we may see the *hyacinth's* neglected hue.

EXERCISE 117. *nts, ntst.*

*Wants, tents, events, elements, haunt'st, want'st.*

Coming events cast their shadows before. Ne-  
portents now our foes amaze. Be wise as serpents  
and harmless as doves. His ready smile a parent's  
warmth expressed. Why haunt'st thou the land  
where thy kindred sleep?

EXERCISE 118. *nz.*

*Lens, means, vanes, fins, gains, glens, ordains.*

Slow and steady wins the race. Blest are the  
feasts which simple plenty crowns. Of all that's  
holy, holiest is the good man's pall.

EXERCISE 119. *pl.*

*Plume, plaid, plod, dimple, people, ripple.*

There is no breeze upon the fern, no ripple on the  
lake. Plaid and plumage were tossed in air. It  
was replete with joy. The ploughman homeward  
plods his weary way.

EXERCISE 120. *pld, pldst.*

*Dimpl'd, tramp'd, peop'd, dappl'd, purpl'd, tram-  
pl'dst.*

His dust lies trampled in the noiseless ground.  
Morn is gleaming in the dappled east. He treads  
the peopled ways of life. Thou tramp'dst of old  
on the necks of the brave.

EXERCISE 121. *plx, plst.*

*Temples, dimples, apples, ripples, scruples, tramp'st.*

Old age has on their temples shed her silver frost.  
Thou rippl'st the surface of the sleeping wave. Thou  
tramp'st in scorn on the lowly flower.

EXERCISE 122. *pn, pnd, pnz.*

● Deep'n, op'n, rip'n'd, deep'n'd, sharp'ns, op'ns.

His ears are *open* to the softest cry. Like the meteor's flash, it will *deepen* the night. The *ripened* corn before his sickle fell. The ceaseless flow of feeling *deepens* still.

EXERCISE 123. *pr.*

● *Pride, praise, prime, prove, prune, imprint, impression.*

Thy voice sounds like a *prophet's* word. *Prompt* to relieve, the *prisoner* sings his *praise*. Those best can bear *reproof* who merit *praise*.

EXERCISE 124. *ps, pst.*

*Lips, stops, traps, ropes, drops, hopes, droop'st.*

Fix thy *hopes* on the sure basis of eternity. Thought *stops* her bold career, and fancy *droops*. Thou, O sickness, *wrapp'st* the world in clouds. Long years have *elaps'd* since I gazed on the scene.

EXERCISE 125. *pt.*

*Wept, slept, accept, dropp'd, rapt.*

The clouds be few, that *intercept* the light of joy. Sarmatia fell, *unwept*, without a crime. The scampering hare *outstripped* the wind. A school-boy would be *whipped*, who read so ill.

EXERCISE 126. *pts, ptst, pth, pths.*

*Precepts, intercepts, accept'st, depth, depths.*

Just *precepts* are from great examples given. *Accept'st* thou in kindness the proffered pledge? Launch not beyond thy *depth*, but be discreet. From the *depths* of air comes a still voice.

EXERCISE 127. *rb.*

*Orb*, *garb*, *curb*, *superb*, *disturb*, *barb*, *verb*, *absorb*.

A keeper of the chase, thy *garb* bespeaks. *Curb*,  
O *curb* thy headlong speed. And yet thy full *orb*  
burns with flash unquenched and bright.

EXERCISE 128. *rbd, rbdst.*

*Curb'd*, *garb'd*, *orb'd*, *barb'd*, *absorb'd*, *curb'dst*.

The lake is *garbed* in sunless majesty. He was  
totally *absorbed* in his studies. No drums *disturbed*  
his morning sleep. Then thou *curb'dst* thy mad  
career.

EXERCISE 129. *rbz, rbst.*

*Orbs*, *garbs*, *barbs*, *verbs*, *disturbs*, *curb'st*, *absorb'st*.

Not a breath *disturbs* the deep serene. The sim-  
pler comes for *herbs* of power on thy banks to look.  
Thou *barb'st* the dart, that rankles sore within.

EXERCISE 130. *rd.*

*Bird*, *cord*, *absurd*, *word*, *herd*, *regard*, *reward*, *hard*.

Let your sword be *bared*, alone at wisdom's call.  
*Embroidered* sandals glittered as he trod. *Guard*  
well thy sail from passion's sudden blasts.

EXERCISE 131. *rdz, rdst.*

*Birds*, *cords*, *words*, *rewards*, *guards*, *regard'st*.

Silver *cords* to earth have bound me. How wild-  
ly the sea-birds cry! *Guards!* take Pythias away  
to execution. Thou *reward'st* the evil and the good.

EXERCISE 132. *rf, rfs, rg, rgz.*

*Turf*, *wharf*, *serfs*, *dwarfs*, *iceberg*, *icebergs*.

Every *turf*, beneath their feet, shall be a soldier's



sepulchre. When dwarfs and pygmies shall to giants grow. In polar seas, where icebergs have their home.

EXERCISE 133. *rdzh, rdzhd.*

*Large, urge, charge, scourg'd, urg'd, enlarg'd.*

Toward the *verge* sweeps the wide torrent. To the *charge*! heaven's banner is o'er us. Not a soldier *discharg'd* his farewell shot.

EXERCISE 134. *rk, rks.*

*Dark, lark, work, hark, marks, barks, monarchs.*

Rise with the *lark*, and with the *lark* to bed. *Mercy* becomes a *monarch* better than his crown. He *marks* their track, and guides their fiery wheels.

EXERCISE 135. *rkst, rkt, rktst.*

*Work'st, mark'st, lurk'd, embark'd, bark'dst.*

*Mark'st* thou, my son, yon woodsman gray? For this he *worked*, for this forsook his bed. I *marked* it well; 'twas black as jet. Of yore *lurk'dst* thou in caverns of the deep.

EXERCISE 136. *rl.*

*Curl, pearl, snarl, marl, whirl, girl, furl, hurl.*

There is not a breath the blue wave to *curl*. Terribly the hoarse and rapid *whirlpools* rage. There the *pearl*-shells spangle the flinty snow.

EXERCISE 137. *rld, rldst.*

*World, curld, whirl'd, gnarl'd, furl'dst, hurl'dst.*

A gilded insect to the *world* you seemed. Once round his head the war-cloud *curled*. The ensigns of union are in triumph *unfurled*. Thou *hurl'dst* the *spear* that prostrate laid thy foe.

EXERCISE 138. *rldz, rly, ast.*

*Worlds, pearls, curls, snarls, whirls, curl'st, furl'st.*

What are ten thousand *worlds*, compared with God? They are glittering *pearls* of the dewy night. But oft in *whirls* the mad tornado flies. Again thou *unfurl'st* thy trembling wings.

EXERCISE 139. *rm.*

*Arm, warm, harm, form, charm, alarm, farm, storm.*

Soft showers distilled, and suns grew *warm* in vain. Hast thou a *charm*, to stay the morning star in his steep course? *Arm! arm!* it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

EXERCISE 140. *rm, rmd, rmdst.*

*Arm'd, harm'd, warm'd, form'd, form'dst, charm'dst.*

*Armed*, say you? *Armed*, my lord. The stork, *alarmed* at sight of man, affrighted fled. Who *formed* the paradise, he never asks. Thou *arm'dst* the hand that laid thee low.

EXERCISE 141. *rmz, rmst, rmth.*

*Arms, warms, forms, storms, alarms, charm'st, warmth.*

The surly *storms* are softened into joy. Not Tintin's pencil could such *forms* display. Thou *charm'st* the ear with thy soft melodies. With honest *warmth* he turns to bless his Maker.

EXERCISE 142. *rn.*

*Morn, scorn, urn, burn, borne, torn, learn, return.*

Straight let us *turn* our trumpets to the hills. Live, stung by the *scorn* of thy own bosom. The echoing *horn* no more shall rouse them. He listens to the call of incense-breathing *morn*.

EXERCISE 143. *rnd, rndst.*

*Burn'd, scorn'd, learn'd warn'd, discern'd, return'dst.*

Their bones lie whitening in the *caverned* deep.  
*Warned* by the signs, in haste they shelter seek. I  
 have *scorned*, and still do scorn to hide my sense of  
 wrong. It is well thou *learn'dst* that lesson young.

EXERCISE 144. *rnz, rnst.*

*Morns, urns, horns, caverns, learns, turn'st, scorn'st.*

Such fair *morns* once smiled on Eden's bloom.  
 On the golden wave the sunset *burns* afar. Thou  
*scorn'st* the inglorious sacrifice. Thou *warn'st* me  
 to the lonely shrine.

EXERCISE 145. *rp, rps, rpt.*

*Harp, warp, sharp, carp, usurp, harps, warp'd.*

In Judah's hall the *harp* is hushed. Time is the  
*warp* of life; O, weave it well. To their *harps* di-  
 vine, they sing the vesper hymn of praise. Trade  
 hath *usurp'd* the land, and dispossessed the swain.

EXERCISE 146. *rs, rsh.*

*Purse, scarce, horse, curse, fierce, nurse, harsh.*

*Scarce* could they see or hear their foes. *Fierce*  
 to the breach their comrades sprung. His *horse* was  
 not a whit inclined to tarry there. I come to pluck  
 your berries *harsh* and crude.

EXERCISE 147. *rst, rstst.*

*First, worst, burst, nurs'd, curs'd, pierc'd, bursts.*

There came a *burst* of thunder sound. Blasphem-  
 er! *dar'st* thou murmur even now? Proud Nimrod  
*first* the bloody chase began. *Accursed* be the fagots  
 that blaze at his feet. A flood of glory *bursts* from  
 all the skies.

EXERCISE 148. *rt.*

*Art, port, dirt, cart, heart, part, flirt, start, impart.*

How vast is *art*, how narrow human wit! The *heart* may give a useful lesson to the head. Act well your *part*, there all the honor lies.

EXERCISE 149. *rts, rtst.*

*Arts, ports, carts, hearts, flirts, courts, start'st, hurt'st.*

Things are not always done by *starts*. The bounding fawn now *darts* along the glade. The *sports* of children satisfy the child. With these thou *flirt'st*, for those thou hast a smile.

EXERCISE 150. *rth, rths.*

*Earth, worth, north, mirth, forth, hearth, hearths.*

Pay no moment, but in purchase of its *worth*. For them no more the blazing *hearth* shall burn. From this day *forth* I'll use you for my *mirth*. They have given the lovely to *earth's* embrace. Our *hearth's* shall be kindled in gladness.

EXERCISE 151. *rtsh, rtshst.*

*March, larch, starch, porch, arch'd, search'd, parch'd.*

We may resume the *march* of our existence. The *larch* has hung all its tassels *forth*. In *search* of happiness, her own sweet paths we flee. Pygmies are pygmies still, though *perched* on Alps.

EXERCISE 152. *rv, rvd, rvdst.*

*Nerve, swerve, curve, serve, curv'd, starv'd, preserv'dst.*

I found Herculean *nerve* hid in thy tuneful arm. *Serve* not from duty's path, however rough. Life is thus *preserved*, and peace again restored. The pilgrim fathers thou *preserv'dst* from winter's cold and storms.

EXERCISE 153. *rvz, rust.*

*Nerves, curves, swerves, nerv'st, curv'st, preserv'st.*

No monumental stone *preserves* his name. Then the firmest *nerves* shall tremble. The highest meed of praise he well *deserves*. I thank thee for the word; thou *nerv'st* my arm.

EXERCISE 154. *rz.*

*Bars, wars, stars, spars, wears, tears, pears, snuffers.*

The wide earth *bears* no nobler heart than thine. Like broken waves their *squares* retire. We leap at *stars*, and fasten in the mud. *There's* not a breath of wind upon the hill. In glory's *fires* shalt thou dry thy tears.

EXERCISE 155. *sf.*

*Sphere, spheroid, sphinx, spherical.*

The freed soul soars beyond this little *sphere*. Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect — to whom should we assign the *sphinx's* fame?

EXERCISE 156. *shr.*

*Shrill, shrine, shrank, shriek, shroud, shrub, thrive.*

He came to *thrive* the dying, bless the dead. The bat, *shrill* *shrieking*, wooed his flickering mate. To leafless *shrubs* the flowery palms succeed. And freedom *shrieked* as Kosciusko fell.

EXERCISE 157. *sk, skr.*

*Skill, skip, task, scan, scheme, casque, screen, scribe.*

But here the needle plies its busy *task*. His *casque* is circled by an ivy wreath. It is a land unscathed by *scorching* tear. The sea-bird's wild *scream* is heard afar. Across the wiry edge he drew the *screaking* file.

EXERCISE 158. *sks, skst, skt.*

*Desks, tasks, mosques, ask'st, bask'st, ask'd, risk'd.*

Well pleased to find it such, he *asks* no more.  
*Ask'st* thou to whom belongs this valley fair? He  
*risked* his own, another's life to save. The black  
*scorpion basked* in palace courts.

EXERCISE 159. *sl.*

*Slime, slave, slow, sleep, whistle, apostle, slope, sleet.*

*Slow* tolls the village clock the drowsy hour. The  
 zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its *sleep*. The  
 thorn and the *thistle* grew broader and higher.

EXERCISE 160. *sld, slx, slst.*

*Whistl'd, nestles, apostles, muscles, rustl'st, nestl'st.*

Over the moors the loud blast *whistled* shrill. The  
 grass *rustles* drearily over his urn. Like *bristles* over  
 him, his coarse fur he rears. Brave forest-oak, thou  
*wrestl'st* singly with the gale.

EXERCISE 161. *sm.*

*Smile, smite, smoke, smooth, smash, smuggle.*

A fresher green the *smiling* leaves display. He  
 woke to die midst flame and *smoke*. The *smooth*  
 stream in *smoother* numbers flows. Hope comes  
 with *smiles* the hour of pain to cheer.

EXERCISE 162. *sn, snd, snz, snst.*

*Snow, sneer, pers'n, less'n'd, pers'ns, list'ns, less'n'st.*

How the sweet moonlight sleeps upon this *snow*.  
 He always read it with a *sneering* tone. He *listen'd*  
 to the music of the rolling spheres. How the eye of  
 beauty *glistens*, when music awakes her inmost soul!  
 Onward thou *hasten'st* with fawnlike tread.

EXERCISE 163. *sp, spl.*

*Span, speed, spar, wasp, lisp, grasp, spleen, splendid.*

No children run to *lisp* their sire's return. The stubble land was *crisp* with frost. *Sport* leaped up and seized his beechen *spear*. They wrapped the ship in *splendor* wild.

EXERCISE 164. *spr.*

*Spray, spring, sprain, sprig, sprêad, sprout, sprightly.*

And soon from guest to guest the panic *spread*. Flush in *Spring's* footsteps, *sprang* herbage and flowers. Modest plainness sets off *sprightly* wit.

EXERCISE 165. *sps, spt.*

*Grasps, lisps, wasps, clasps, grasp'd, clasp'd, lisp'd.*

How pure the prayer that childhood *lisps*! The youthful ivy *clasps* the elm. Pope *lisp'd* in numbers, for the numbers came. He *grasped* his blade, as if a trumpet rang.

EXERCISE 166. *st.*

*Stand, stop, stove, star, hast, best, rest, notic'd, entic'd.*

The *stormy* March has come at last. *Stand!* the ground's your own, my braves! *Hast* thou a charm, to *stay* the morning *star*? No one *noticed* him, no one gave him a welcome.

EXERCISE 167. *str.*

*Stroll, stream, strive, strong, strown, strains, minstrel.*

They have *strown* the dust on the sunny brow. Now set the teeth, and *stretch* the nostril wide. Nor friend, nor *stranger* hears their dying cry. There to high *strains* the minstrel harp I tuned.

EXERCISE 168. *sts, stst.*

*Mists, tastes, crests, coasts, rest'st, tast'st, enlist'st.*

The sounding darts in iron tempests flew. *Crests* rose and stooped, and rose again. All things seem large, which we through *mists* descry. Now, with what awe thou *list'st* the wild uproar!

EXERCISE 169. (38) *thn, thnd, thndst, thnz, ths, tht.*

*Length'n, strength'n'd, length'n'dst, strength'ns, youths, betroth'd.*

Who would *lengthen* out the span of human life? These silver locks proclaim my *lengthen'd* years. He *strengthens* the perilous hour with prayer. Palsied now is the arm thou *strengthen'dst*. *Faith's* raised eye is always fixed on Heaven. She was early *betroth'd* to a Highland chief.

EXERCISE 170. *thr.*

*Throb, throne, thrive, thrill, three, thread, through.*

*Thrice* is he armed, that hath his quarrel just. Soft as the *thrill* that memory *throws* across the soul. His voice was like the voice of *three*. They *thronged* around her magic cell.

EXERCISE 171. (39) *thd.*

*Breath'd, sooth'd, with'd, bath'd, smooth'd.*

He was sustained and *soothed* by an unfaltering trust. But nature *breathed* rebuke and dread. His manly lip was *wreathed* with smiles. They *sheathed* their swords for lack of argument.

EXERCISE 172. (39) *thz, thst.*

*Bathes, tithes, paths, oaths, smooth'st, with'st.*

A soothing influence *breathes* around the place. Some fond legend *soothes* his infant hours. The



*paths* of glory lead but to the grave. O guilt! thou  
*bath'st* the world in tears.

EXERCISE 173. *tl, tld, ildst.*

*Title, cattle, gentle, rattl'd, titl'd, rattl'dst.*

Round me the smoke and shout of *battle* roll.  
 The reef points *rattle* on the shivering sail. He *prat-  
 tled* less, in accents void of guile. Thou *startl'dst*  
 the slumbering tenants of these shades.

EXERCISE 174. *tlz, tlst.*

*Titles, turtles, mantles, battles, startl'st, rattl'st.*

I saw him on the *battle's* eve, when like a king he  
 bore him. How the blood warms and *mantles* round  
 the heart! The wild deer thou *startl'st* in the forest  
 shade.

EXERCISE 175. *tn, tnd, tnz.*

*Kitl'n, mitt'n, butt'n, writt'n, sweet'n'd, whit'ns.*

How blessings *brighten* as they take their flight!  
 Hope can relieve the gloom, and *sweeten* all my  
 toil. The feathered snow now *whiten'd* the ground.  
 Thy mercy *sweetens* the cup of woe.

EXERCISE 176. *tr.*

*Tribe, tread, trade, troop, traitor, tremble.*

Time's giddy arch with *trembling* foot we *tread*.  
 What mighty contests rise from *trivial* things! *True*  
 as the steel of their *tried* blades.

EXERCISE 177. *tsh.*

*Charm, chime; choose, rich, touch, catch, watch.*

I with them, the third night, kept the *watch*. Hope,  
 the *charmer*, lingered still behind. Youth is not *rich*  
 in time; it may be poor.

EXERCISE 178. *tsht, tshtst.*

*Touch'd, watch'd, reach'd, snatch'd, touch'dst.*

Hence have I *watched* while others slept. Apollo rapt us when you *touched* the lyre. O Thou, who *touch'dst* Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire.

EXERCISE 179. *ts, tst.*

*Bats, spots, roots, slates, hats, notes, sitt'st, shout'st.*

Ten censure wrong, for one who *writes* amiss. The *flute's* soft *notes* fall gently on the ear. Thou *mightst* have been free. Spirit of freedom! once on Phyle's brow thou *satt'st*.

EXERCISE 180. *vd, vdst.*

*Liv'd, below'd, sav'd, mov'd, lov'dst, sav'dst.*

Hope, enchanted, smiled, and *waved* her golden hair. He chid their wanderings, but *relieved* their pain. Thou *depriv'dst* me of all I then possessed.

EXERCISE 181. *vl, vld, vlst, vlz.*

*Ev'l, shov'l, rav'll'd, shriv'll'd, shov'lst, ev'ls.*

Their hopes still *grovel* in this dark sojourn. It seared and *shrivell'd* up his heart. The clods of earth shall soon be *shovell'd* on him. Thou *unravell'st* the very threads of being. So *shrivels* the leaf in the autumn blast.

EXERCISE 182. *vn, vnz, vnth.*

*Sev'n, driv'n, crav'n, heav'ns, rav'ns, elev'nth.*

Thy chains are burst, thy bonds are *riven*. *Even* half a million gets him no other praise. To God let thy heart and hours be *given*. *Heaven's* sapphire arch is its resplendent dome.

EXERCISE 183. *vx, vst.*

*Waves, groves, leaves, proves, mov'st, rav'st.*

The *waves* roll gently on beneath thy bark of hope. The *groves* were God's first temples. The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the *leaves*. Weigh well thy words before thou *giv'st* them breath.

EXERCISE 184. *zd.*

*Gaz'd, rais'd, blaz'd, us'd, priz'd, expos'd.*

Sudden he *gazed*, but wist not what to do. No cheerful light the long-closed sash conveyed. Here buds and leaves are gracefully disposed.

EXERCISE 185. *zl, zld, zldst, zlst, zlz.*

*Haz'l, mistletoe, dazl'd, dazl'dst, puzzl'st, puzzles.*

O! the *mistletoe* bough, that hangs in the hall. My eyes are *dazzled* with the rustling flame. Thou *puzzl'dst* the brain of the ancient sage. Thou *dazl'st* the eye with thy flaming rays. Sage as the lawyer, who *puzzles* over a doubt.

EXERCISE 186. *zm, zmz, zn.*

*Prism, chasms, froz'n, prison, crimson, blazon.*

Through the fearful *chasm*, the deep sky shone. The billows sink to *chasms* low. He sinks exhausted on the *frozen* ground. It is darkly painted on the *crimson* sky.

EXERCISE 187. *znd, znz, znst.*

*Blaz'n'd, crims'n'd, seas'ns, blaz'ns, reas'n'st.*

Arabia's *crimsoned* sands returned the fiery column's glow. Thou hast all *seasons* for thine own, O Death! Ye labor hard to smother *reason's* ray. How well thou *reason'st*, time alone can show.

TABLE FOR REVIEW  
OF  
COMBINATIONS OF CONSONANTS, ARRANGED  
BY THE FINAL SOUND.

[The following exercises are intended for daily review, after the pupils have practised sufficiently on the preceding; the class can utter them simultaneously. Utter the *word* first; next, the *combination*; then, the *word* again.]

EXERCISE 188.

Lb, *bulb*.—rb, *garb*.—bd, *probed*.—rbd, *absorbed*.—gd, *begged*.—ngd, *belonged*.—dzhd, *imaged*.—ldzhd, *bilged*.—ndzhd, *ranged*.—rdzhd, *urged*.—ld, *gold*.—bld, *trembled*.—dld, *paddled*.—gld, *mingled*.—kld, *twinkled*.—pld, *dimpled*.—rld, *world*.—sld, *whistled*.—tld, *rattled*.—vld, *shrivell'd*.—zld, *puzzled*.—md, *named*.—lmd, *overwhelmed*.—rmd, *formed*.

EXERCISE 189.

Nd, *land*.—dnd, *hardened*.—fnd, *deafened*.—knd, *wakened*.—pnd, *sharpened*.—rnd, *warned*.—snd, *lesened*.—tnd, *whitened*.—thnd, *lengthened*.—znd, *blazoned*.—rd, *guard*.—vd, *proved*.—lvd, *resolved*.—rvd, *starved*.—zd, *gazed*.—<sup>39</sup>thd, *breathed*.—lf, *shelf*.—mf, *triumph*.—rf, *turf*.—sf, *sphere*.—rg, *iceberg*.—nsh, *bench*.—rsh, *marsh*.—tsh, *charm*.—rtsh, *march*.

EXERCISE 190.

Dth, *width*.—fth, *fifth*.—lfth, *twelfth*.—lth, *wealth*.—rmth, *warmth*.—ngth, *length*.—nth, *tenth*.—pth, *depth*.—rth, *north*.—ksth, *sixth*.—ldzh, *indulge*.—ndzh, *range*.—rdzh, *barge*.—lk, *silk*.—ngk, *thank*.—rk, *mark*.—sk, *task*.—bl, *blind*.—dl, *cradle*.—fl, *floor*.—gl, *glove*.—kl, *twinkle*.—pl, *plan*.—spl, *splendid*.—rl, *fur*.—sl, *sleep*.—tl, *gentle*.—vl, *shovel*.—zl, *dazzle*.—lm, *realm*.—rm, *warm*.

## EXERCISE 191.

Sm, *smile*.—thm, *rhythm*.—zm, *prism*.—dn, *laden*.—fn, *deafen*.—<sup>38</sup>thn, *lengthen*.—<sup>39</sup>thn, *heathen*.—kn, *token*.—ln, *stolen*.—pn, *sharpen*.—rn, *morn*.—sn, *lessen*.—tn, *written*.—vn, *seven*.—zn, *frozen*.—lp, *help*.—mp, *pomp*.—rp, *harp*.—sp, *span*.—br, *brave*.—dr, *dream*.—fr, *frown*.—gr, *green*.—shr, *shrine*.—kr, *crime*.—skr, *screen*.—pr, *pride*.—spr, *sprain*.—tr, *tribe*.—str, *strive*.—thr, *throne*.

## EXERCISE 192.

Fs, *puffs*.—lfs, *gulfs*.—mfs, *triumphs*.—rfs, *dwarfs*.—<sup>38</sup>ths, *truths*.—dths, *breadths*.—lths, *healths*.—nth, *months*.—ngths, *lengths*.—pths, *depths*.—rths, *hearths*.—ks, *oaks*.—lks, *silks*.—ngks, *thanks*.—rks, *marks*.—sks, *desks*.—ls, *pulse*.—ns, *dense*.—ps, *lips*.—lps, *whelps*.—mps, *lamps*.—rps, *harps*.—sps, *lisps*.—rs, *horse*.—ts, *boots*.—fts, *tufts*.—kts, *facts*.—lts, *melts*.—mts, *prompts*.

## EXERCISE 193.

Nts, *events*.—ngkts, *precincts*.—pts, *precepts*.—rts, *darts*.—sts, *mists*.—rst, *thirsts*.—ft, *soft*.—lft, *ingulfed*.—mft, *triumphed*.—nsht, *launched*.—tsht, *touched*.—rtsht, *marched*.—kt, *fact*.—lkt, *milked*.—ngkt, *thanked*.—rkt, *marked*.—skt, *basked*.—lt, *salt*.—mt, *prompt*.—nt, *want*.—rnt, *burnt*.—pt, *kept*.—lpt, *helped*.—rpt, *warped*.—spt, *lisped*.

## EXERCISE 194.

Rt; *part*.—st, *steel*.—bst, *prob' st*.—rbst, *curb' st*.—dst, *didst*.—bdst, *prob' dst*.—gdst, *begg' dst*.—ldst, *gild' st*.—bldst, *trembl' dst*.—dldst, *bridl' dst*.—fldst, *triffl' dst*.—gldst, *mingl' dst*.—kldst, *twinkl' dst*.—pldst, *tramp' dst*.—rldst, *curl' dst*.—sldst, *rustl' dst*.—tldst, *startl' dst*.—zldst, *dazzl' dst*.—vldst, *shovell' dst*.—mdst, *seem' dst*.—rmdst, *warm' dst*.

## EXERCISE 195.

Ndst, *send'st*.—fndst, *deafen'dst*.—kndst, *hear-ken'dst*.—ngdst, *wrong'dst*.—thndst, *strengthen'dst*.—rndst, *turn'dst*.—sndst, *listen'dst*.—zndst, *reason'dst*.—vdst, *lov'dst*.—rvdst, *serv'dst*.—rdst, *reward'st*.—fst, *scoff'st*.—lfst, *ingulf'st*.—mfst, *triumph'st*.—gst, *begg'st*.—ngst, *bring'st*.—ndzhst, *rang'st*.—ldzhst, *indulg'st*.—rdzhst, *urg'st*.—kst, *awak'st*.—lkst, *milk'st*.

## EXERCISE 196.

Ngkst, *thank'st*.—rkst, *mark'st*.—skst, *bask'st*.—thst, *smooth'st*.—lst, *whilst*.—blst, *humb'l'st*.—dlst, *fondl'st*.—flst, *ruffl'st*.—glst, *mingl'st*.—klst, *sparkl'st*.—plst, *tramp'l'st*.—rlst, *furl'st*.—slst, *rustl'st*.—tlst, *startl'st*.—vlst, *shovell'st*.—zlst, *dazzl'st*.—mst, *seem'st*.—lmst, *whelm'st*.—rmst, *warm'st*.—nst, *canst*.—knst, *waken'st*.

## EXERCISE 197.

Pnst, *sharpen'st*.—rnst, *return'st*.—snst, *listen'st*.—thnst, *lengthen'st*.—znst, *reason'st*.—pst, *hop'st*.—lpst, *help'st*.—mpst, *thump'st*.—rpst, *warp'st*.—spst, *lisp'st*.—rst, *worst*.—tst, *shout'st*.—fst, *lift'st*.—tshtst, *touch'dst*.—ktst, *enact'st*.—lktst, *milk'dst*.—rktst, *lurk'dst*.—ltst, *melt'st*.—mtst, *prompt'st*.—ntst, *want'st*.

## EXERCISE 198.

Ptst, *accept'st*.—lptst, *help'dst*.—rtst, *flirt'st*.—stst, *enlist'st*.—rstst, *burst'st*.—vst, *lov'st*.—lvst, *resolv'st*.—rvst, *preserv'st*.—<sup>38</sup>tht, *betroth'd*.—lv, *twelve*.—rv, *nerve*.—bz, *sobs*.—lbz, *bulbs*.—rbz, *orbs*.—dz, *deeds*.—ldz, *fields*.—rldz, *worlds*.—ndz, *ends*.—rdz, *wards*.—gz, *bags*.—rgz, *icebergs*.—lz, *sails*.—blz, *troubles*.—dlz, *paddles*.—flz, *ruffles*.—glz, *eagles*.

## EXERCISE 199.

Klz, *sparkles*.—plz, *temples*.—rlz, *curls*.—slz, *muscles*.—tlz, *titles*.—vlz, *evils*.—zlz, *puzzles*.—mz, *times*.—lmz, *overwhelms*.—rmz, *storms*.—thmz, *logarithms*.—zmz, *prisms*.—nz, *dens*.—ngz, *rings*.—dnz, *wardens*.

## EXERCISE 200.

Fnz, *deafens*.—knz, *tokens*.—pnz, *sharpens*.—rnz, *morns*.—snz, *lessons*.—thnz, *strengthens*.—tnz, *mitens*.—vnz, *heavens*.—znz, *reasons*.—rz, *wars*.—vz, *gives*.—lvz, *shelves*.—rvz, *curves*.—<sup>39</sup>thz, *breathes*.

## TO TEACHERS.

In the preceding Exercises, *one thing only* was to be taught; and, that the pupil's attention might not be diverted from the *one thing*, no regard was to be paid to the *sense*. In the following Lessons, which are designed to be read while the pupil is reviewing the Exercises, be certain that he fully understands the *meaning* of one extract before he proceeds to another. Such questions, growing out of the subject, as will be naturally suggested to the teacher, should be put to the class from time to time, while a pupil is reading, to fix their *attention* and cause them to *think*. But prescribed questions, printed at the beginning or end of each lesson, would be, as every practical teacher well knows, about as useful as a *set* of questions to a Dictionary. The Lessons should not be hurried over. Experience tells us to *teach one thing at a time*, and to do it *thoroughly*.

# READING LESSONS.

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## LESSON I.

### BEHAVIOR IN SCHOOL. — TELLING THE TRUTH.

1. WELL, my little friend, you have now laid aside your play, and, with clean hands and smiling face, have come to learn to read in your new book. Now your teacher will gladly welcome you to the school room, and will always be pleased when you try to obey the directions which are given you.

2. A teacher will respect and love those pupils who try to do what is required of them, even if they do not always succeed. How cheering it is, to see children striving to be good, and to perform their daily tasks! How happy such children are!

3. If you pay attention, while the teacher explains a lesson, and shows you how to study it, you will be quite sure to understand and learn it; and you can go home to your parents, happy in having done your duty. And will they not rejoice, that their little girl or boy is trying to learn, and to please them?

4. I hope you will obey all the rules of the school, even if, at first, they seem very irksome, and subject you to much restraint; for you will thus form the habit of obedience, and, when you grow up, will be less liable to break the laws of the land, and to need punishment.

5. If you should ever disobey your parents or teacher, or should be guilty of doing any thing wrong, you must not attempt to hide your fault by denying it. It is better to tell the truth at once, and frankly confess that you have done wrong; your friends will



have confidence in your honesty and believe you, till you once deceive them.

6. Children are liable to do wrong very often ; and some, I fear, are not careful to tell the truth. How much they are to be pitied ! Now I have four reasons why I wish you never to tell a lie.

7. Do you wish to know what these reasons are ? Some children, when they hear or see any thing that they do not understand, always say, " What is the reason for this ? Why is it so ? Do tell me all about it." I think it will be best for you to know some of these reasons.

8. First, lying is a very mean, low sin. Secondly, having told one lie, you will be likely to tell another and another, till you scarcely think any thing about the wickedness of lying.

9. Thirdly, you will give yourself a great deal of pain and trouble. Lastly, God abhors lying lips. This you should think of more than all the rest ; and it should check you, whenever you are inclined to lie, or — which is the same — to equivocate.

10. I never knew a child, in the habit of telling lies, that was not thought mean and cowardly. It requires real courage to tell the truth at all times, and it is evidence of a noble heart. I will let you read one leaf in the history of a bad boy.

11. Timothy Wardrope, instead of sitting still and studying, as he ought to do, is so naughty as to talk and play in school. This is very wrong, for he often makes so much noise, that he disturbs and annoys the other pupils.

12. But this is not the worst thing he does ; for, if the teacher says, " Why do you make such a noise, Timothy ? " he answers, " I did not do it ; I was sitting still." Or if the teacher says, " Who is making this noise ? " Timothy is always ready to say, " It is not I," although he may be, at the same time, the most noisy boy in the school.

13. One day Timothy saw George, a very good

boy who sat next to him, have something which he thought he should like; so he marched up to the teacher, and said, "George has got something of mine." "What is it?" said the teacher. "That block in his hand; I lost it this forenoon."

14. As it happened, the teacher had seen George bring the block in the morning, and had told him to put it away; so she knew that it did not belong to Timothy. "That is a wrong story, Timothy, for I know George had it all the forenoon."

15. "Well, then, he *gave* it to me this afternoon," said Timothy. Little George looked up with an honest face and said, "No, indeed, I did not give it to him." "George says he did *not* give it to you, Timothy," said the teacher; "and he looks as if he spoke the truth."

16. "Well, he said he *would* give it to me," answered the mean boy. "How was that, George?" "I have not said any thing to him about it; nor have I spoken to him at all," said the little fellow, with a look of surprise.

17. "Now, Timothy," said his teacher, "I think you have told me three lies. Stop, degraded boy! Do not try to patch up your falsehoods by telling more. You saw George have something which you wanted, and you said that you *lost* it this forenoon; this I know to be a lie.

18. "After this, you said that he *gave* it to you; and then, that he *promised* it to you. George says he did not do either; therefore I believe these were lies too. Now look me in the face, sir, and tell me if it is not so."

19. He saw, by her eye, it would be of no use to tell any more falsehoods; so he confessed that he had told three lies about the block. He showed a mean and cowardly spirit, in attempting to wrong another and cheat him out of his property by lying, and he gave himself and others much pain and trouble.

20. "I have often told you," said the teacher,

“what a wicked thing it is to lie ; that nobody will believe a boy or man who tells a falsehood : and that God, who sees all you do and hears all you say, abhors lying lips ; but I cannot see that all this has induced you to break off the habit. Every one will distrust you.”

21. Perhaps, little reader, you may say, “If I do tell lies once in a while, I shall not tell as many as that boy did.” How do you know you shall not ? There must have been a time when he told the *first* lie ; and if you tell *one*, you may at last tell as many as he did.

22. “Well, I know I should not be so silly as to tell two or three different stories about the same thing.” You are not sure of that. When you once begin to tell false stories, you will think you are obliged to tell others to hide the first ; and it will not be strange if you finally become such a liar, that nobody will know when to believe what you say.

23. I know this would render you unhappy, if you had any thing noble or honorable about you. If every body thought ill of you and you knew they had no reason to think so, conscious of doing right, it would not cause you much unhappiness. Time would show them their mistake.

24. But if you knew yourself to be a liar, you would feel that people ought not to believe you ; you would know that you ought not to be trusted, and you could not help despising yourself. If you wish to be happy, then, you must be sure always to speak the truth.

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## LESSON II.

“I CAN’T.”

1. HAVE these little words, so often spoken, ever been the source of good ? We shall see. “*I can’t*,” said little Mary Willis to her mother, when she first endeavored to instruct her in the use of the needle. “Mother, I never can learn to sew.”

2. Poor child, she never could with that thought in her mind. She sat some time with her work in her hand, and with so sad a countenance, that her too indulgent mother at length permitted her to lay it by. "*I can't*," said the same little girl, when her teacher wished her to study a lesson. "It is so hard, I never can get it."

3. So the book lay upon her desk, and she gazed listlessly upon its pages one moment; then she thought how *very hard* it was; then she looked out of the window; and at last appeared in her class with a very foolish look, and was soon of course in her proper place, at the foot of it.

4. "*I can't* gain the prize," said she, "so there is no use in trying." I need not say she did not. Now this was a great mistake; if she had not succeeded, she would still have known that she had done right, and would have felt happier that she had tried.

5. Thus "*I can't*" was Mary's constant companion and dearest friend; but she found it a deceitful one. As she passed from childhood to youth, the same trait was visible in her character.

6. If a task was to be performed, "*I can't*" was there to render it difficult; if a duty was required of her, the same evil power was exerted to prevent her from performing it. Who would wish to be like Mary Willis?

7. But there is one case in which children should always say, "No, *I can't*;" and that is, when they are tempted to do any *wrong* action. This was the way George Washington used the expression.

8. Every child has read the story, and knows, that when Washington was a little boy, he had committed a fault; and when his father asked him if he knew who had done it, he acknowledged it immediately, and said, "*I can't* tell a lie; *I did it*."

9. Who would not be like George Washington? Now when bad children ask you to do any thing wrong, always imitate this example; but, when your

parents and teachers wish you to do what they think is best for you, remember that "*I can't*" is a very foolish and wicked expression.

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### LESSON III

#### PROFANITY. — LITTLE GEORGE ACTING ON PRINCIPLE.

1. As it can do no one the least good to swear, and as God has forbidden it, it must be both foolish and wicked to "take the Lord's name in vain." Yet we very often hear persons use profane language.

2. Almost every day, as I walk through the street or sit by the window, I see groups of boys busy at their play, who seem as if they might be happy; but, if I listen a few moments, I hear them use the holy name of God in vain; and then I know they can be neither good nor happy.

3. How can these little boys be so wicked? Why is it that they wish to swear about every thing? They must surely know that it is wrong; but I cannot think they exactly understand the meaning of the words they use so often and so carelessly.

4. Never trust the swearer. He who, without the smallest inducement of gain or pleasure, habitually breaks one of God's commandments, will break any or all, when strongly tempted. Besides, swearing is a sign of vulgar manners, selfish habits, and an unmanly spirit.

5. If you would avoid this wicked habit and retain your self-respect, you must be careful not to associate or play with those who use profane language.

6. Little George was permitted by his parents, to play with those boys only who were good, and who would teach him no bad habits.

7. He had been early taught that it was wrong to use wicked words or to quarrel; and he was uncommonly free from these vices. But his parents

were afraid, if he played with bad boys, he might learn to be like them.

8. George thought, as all *good* boys do, that his father and mother knew best what was proper for him; so he contented himself with playing alone, rather than to associate with bad boys.

9. But he loved to be with others as well as any little boy; and he played alone so much, that he appeared even more fond of company than other children. When he was surrounded by boys with whom his mother had given him permission to play, his foot was one of the fleetest and his voice one of the loudest among them; and he seemed almost wild with pleasure.

10. One Saturday, after George came home from school, his father said, "Well, my son, do you wish to go to the lumber yard with me this afternoon?" "O yes, father," answered the little boy, "I should like very much to go."

11. When they arrived at the lumber yard, his father found some men waiting for him, and George was left to amuse himself alone. In such a place, this was not a very difficult task; for he could call one pile of boards his shop, another his house, and a third his barn.

12. But soon a party of neatly-dressed boys came into the yard, and invited him to play with them. The boys were sons of gentlemen whom his father knew, and he gave George permission to play with them.

13. He soon became well acquainted with his new playfellows, and in a little while was talking with them as familiarly as if they had been his brothers. Perhaps, too, you might have seen him taking his turn to hide among the boards, and have heard his loud laugh, when his companions found him after a long search.

14. George played very happily for a short time; but it was not long before he came and seated him-

self on a pile of boards, near which his father was at work, and began to count the vessels that passed up and down the river.

15. "Why, my son," said his father, "I thought you were having a fine time at play. Where are the boys? Have they gone home?"

"No, sir."

"Why then did you not stay and play with them till I called you?"

16. "I did not want to play with them any longer," said George.

"But why not? You do not often have an opportunity to play with other boys, and I thought you would be very much pleased to have company."

17. "Well, father, I did want to play, but one of the boys is very wicked; he *swears*. When I first heard him use profane words, I told him it was wrong; but he only laughed, and soon did the same thing again.

18. "I thought you would not have permitted me to play with them if you had known they used such language, so I came away and left them; for I would rather not play at all, than to play with such wicked boys."

19. George controlled his selfish desire to play, and did at once what he rightly supposed his parents would wish him to do; though by remaining he would have violated no direct command.

20. This is called *acting on principle*, and doing our duty as far as we can understand it. Did George do right, then, to avoid temptation and forsake bad company? I leave the answer, my little friend, to your good sense.

21. I hope you will always shun the profane boy, if you cannot persuade him to give up the sinful practice. If you play with him, he will probably wrong you or injure you in some way; or you may acquire his bad habits, and then you will be sure to be unhappy.

# LESSON IV.

## ALBERT REPROVED BY HIS FATHER.

1. "ALBERT, come h re a few minutes ; I wish to talk with you."

2. " What will you talk about, father? "

3. " About something that I want you to understand."

4. " Then I am certain it will be well for me to know it. I will listen, sir."

5. " And will you try to remember what I say? "

6. " Yes, father, I am sure I will."

7. " Then hearken. Do you love me? "

8. " Why do you ask me that? Dear, dear father, you *know* I do."

9. " And why, Albert? "

10. " Why! how can I help it, when you have always been so kind to me, and loved me so much? "

11. " I will not doubt your love. But tell me, would you like to hear my name used with disrespect? "

12. " Indeed, I could not bear it; and I would tell the boy that did so, what a wicked boy he was,— I am sure I would."

13. " I am glad, Albert, that you are so zealous in my behalf ; now I want you to feel as much for your Heavenly Father, to whose tender mercies and loving kindness you owe so much."

14. Albert looked very thoughtful, as if conscious that something wrong was coming out against him ; and he blushed deeply.

15. " Now, dear Albert, do not let me hear you again using, without respect or reverence, the name of your Heavenly Father. It makes me feel as sad to hear you, as you would feel, if you should hear boys sporting with my name."

16. Albert threw his arms around his father's neck, and wept bitterly ; never, after this, did he use the name of his Heavenly Father with irreverence. I



hope, little readers, that none of you will be less wise than Albert.

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## LESSON V.

### TRY AGAIN.

1. It is related of Timour, the great conqueror, that he was once forced in flying from his enemies, to hide in an old, ruined building, where he sat alone many hours. He tried to turn his mind from his troubles and to forget danger, by watching very closely an ant, that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself, up a high wall.

2. In its efforts to get up, he found that the grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the seventieth time, the ant reached the top of the wall with it. "This sight," said Timour, "gave me hope and courage at the moment, and I have never forgotten the lesson taught me by the little ant."

3. Now, children, when you have a difficult lesson to learn, and have tried sixty-nine times in vain to get it, *try again*; there is yet hope of success in the *seventieth* effort. You surely would be ashamed to show less perseverance than this little insect.

4. And yet how much might man learn even from the inferior animals, if he would but *see* and *think*! I will tell you of one, who took a lesson of hope and courage from the conduct of a little spider.

5. Robert Bruce was at one time, almost in despair of making good his right to the throne, and of restoring freedom to Scotland; he had been so often defeated, and there seemed so little chance of success, that he doubted whether it was his duty to try again.

6. While thus doubtful what he should do, Bruce looked upward to the roof of the cabin where he lay on his bed, and saw a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was trying to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line for its web.

7. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and had been as often unable to do so.

8. It reminded him that he had himself fought just six battles, and that the poor, persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and as often failed in what it aimed at.

9. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I do not know what is best to be done, I will be guided by the spider.

10. "If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go away and never return to my native country again."

11. While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another attempt with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread on the beam, which it had so often in vain tried to reach.

12. Bruce seeing the success of the spider, was encouraged to make one more effort for his country, and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards met with any great defeat.

13. This story of a spider deciding the fate of a king may not be true, yet it seems very probable, and is generally believed in Scotland. At any rate, if we have any bad habits to overcome, it teaches us never to despair, but to persevere and *try again*, till we do succeed.

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## LESSON VI.

### HOW THE FLY WALKS ON THE WALL.

1. "THE other day, as we were sitting together in a room, we observed the wall over our heads covered with flies; we talked a long time about the way in which the fly stuck to the wall without falling down;

and as we could not tell what kept him up, we agreed to ask you about it."

2. I will tell you, children, very willingly. I do not wonder that you were unable to tell how the fly stuck to the wall; for you never tried to find out, and therefore could only guess at it.

3. Guessing is a poor way to find out any thing; though some persons much older than you are, did nothing but guess about this very thing, and guessed very far from the truth too.

4. Some thought that the fly had a sponge in its foot and squeezed a sort of glue out of it, which made it stick fast; others said that the glass or wall was so rough, that the fly's feet would catch hold of the little points upon it; but both were wrong.

5. Now I will explain to you how it does hold on. Did you ever see what the boys call a *sucker*, made of a piece of soft sole leather? That will show you how the fly's foot sticks fast.

6. This leather is cut round, and has a string through the centre; the boys wet it, then put it upon a board or something smooth, and stamp on it; they then try to raise it up from the board by the string, and it requires some strength to pull it up. Sometimes they put it on a small, smooth stone, and lift up the stone by it.

7. The reason why the leather sticks so fast, is because the air is pressing on it upon the outside, and there is very little or no air between it and the board, to press the other way.

8. "What! is the air heavy?"

9. O yes, children; when there is so much of it as there is above the earth, it presses very heavily.

10. Now the fly's foot is like the sucker; when he puts it down, he has a contrivance to drive out the air from under it, so that there will be little or none between it and the wall; and then the outer air presses upon it and holds it fast.

11. "How does he get it up again?"

12. By moving it a little one side, he can let air in under his foot again, and then he can easily raise it; for we do not feel the weight of air when it presses upon all sides of us.

13. The reason why we stand up straight, is because the air is pressing all around us; if it were on only one side of us, it would press us down on the other side.

14. "It is still very difficult to understand how the fly walks on the wall over our heads; for the air cannot press down upon his feet there."

15. Very true, children; it cannot press *down*, but it can and does press *up* against his feet; for the air presses up and down and sideways, all alike.

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## LESSON VII.

### REGARD FOR THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS.

1. "I MEAN to look over and see," said Rollo; and he walked cautiously along towards the precipice.

"O Rollo," exclaimed Mary, "do not go so near!"

2. "Why, there is no danger," said Rollo.

"Rollo! Rollo!" exclaimed Mary again, as Rollo went nearer and nearer.

3. His father had turned away, and had not observed what Rollo was doing. In fact, he did not go near enough to the brink to be in any danger, though Mary was afraid to have him so near.

4. His mother hearing Mary's call, turned to see what was the matter; and she too felt afraid at seeing Rollo so near. She called him to come away; but Rollo told her he was not near enough to fall.

5. "But I would rather have you come away," said his mother; and she looked very anxious and uneasy, and began to hurry along towards him.

6. "You see that large island off to the right," said Rollo's father, directing her attention in the right quarter.

"Yes, I see it. — Rollo!"

7. "Well, that is George's Island. There is a rock lying just about south of it."

"Yes," said Rollo's mother, "I believe I see it," beckoning at the same time to Rollo.

8. Her mind was evidently occupied with watching Rollo. She looked first at the rock and island where Mr. Holiday was pointing, and then back at Rollo, until at length Mr. Holiday, perceiving that her mind was disturbed by Rollo's motions, said to him, "Rollo, keep outside of us."

9. "Outside, father!" said Rollo; "how do you mean?" "Why, farther back from the brink than we are."

10. So Rollo walked reluctantly back till he was at about the same distance from the brink as his father, and then began to take up some little stones, and throw them over.

11. His father and mother went on talking, though the stones thrown by Rollo disturbed them a little. At length Rollo came and stood near his father, to hear what he was saying about a large ship, which was just coming into view behind the island.

12. As he stood there he kept pressing forward, to get as near to the brink as he could, without actually going before his father and mother. She instinctively put out her hand to hold him back, and was evidently so uneasy, that Mr. Holiday looked to see what was the matter.

13. Rollo had pressed forward so as to be a very little in advance of his father, though it was only very little indeed. "Rollo," said his father, "go and sit in the carryall, until we come."

14. Rollo looked up surprised, and was just going to ask what for. But he perceived at once that he was in advance of his parents, and that he had consequently disobeyed his father's orders. He went away rather sullenly.

15. "I was not more than an inch in advance of

where they were," said he to himself; "and besides, it was far enough from the brink. I do not see why I need be sent away."

16. However, he knew that he must obey, and he went and took his seat in the carryall. It was turned away from the sea, and he had nothing before him but the inland prospect.

17. "What dismal-looking rocks and hills!" said he to himself. They had appeared wild and picturesque when he first came in view of them, but now they had a very gloomy expression. He, who is dissatisfied with himself, is generally dissatisfied with all around him.

18. Rollo waited till he was tired, and then he had to wait some time longer. At length his father and mother appeared, and Rollo jumped out and asked his father if he might ride in the wagon, and drive the girls again.

19. "No," replied his father, "I have made another arrangement. Jonas," he continued, "you may get into the wagon, and drive on alone."

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## LESSON VIII

### THE SAME CONTINUED.

1. ROLLO's father helped Mrs. Holiday and Mary into the back seat, while he put Lucy and Rollo in front; and he took a seat between them.

2. When they had rode on a little way, he said, "I was very sorry to have to send you away, Rollo."

"Why, father, I was not more than an inch before you."

3. "That is true," said his father.

"And I do not think I was in any danger."

"I do not think you were, myself," said his father.

4. "Then why did you send me back?"

"For two reasons. First, you disobeyed me."

"But I do not think I came before you more than an inch."

"Nor I," said his father; "very likely it was not more than half an inch."

5. "And was that enough to do any harm?"

"It was enough to constitute *disobedience*. I told you to keep back, *outside* of us; and by coming up even as near as we were, you showed a disposition not to obey."

6. "But I forgot," said Rollo; "I did not observe that I was so near."

"But when I give you a direction like that, it is your duty to observe."

7. Rollo was silent. After a short pause he added, "Well, father, you said there were *two* reasons why you sent me away."

8. "Yes; the other was, that you were spoiling all the pleasure of the party. You kept Mary and mother continually uneasy and anxious."

9. "But I do not think I went into any danger."

"Perhaps not; that is not what I charge you with. I did not send you away for going into danger, but for making other persons anxious and uneasy."

10. "But, father, if there was not any danger, why need they be uneasy?"

"Do you suppose that persons are never made uneasy and anxious, except by actual danger?"

11. "Why — I do not know, sir."

"If you observe persons carefully, you will see that they are made uneasy."

"Then they must be unreasonable," said Rollo.

12. "Not altogether," said his father. "When we see persons in situations which strongly suggest the idea of danger to our minds, it makes us uneasy, though we may know that there is no actual danger in the case."

13. "Thus it is painful to most persons to see a carpenter upon a very lofty spire, or to go very near a precipice or see any body else go, even when there is a strong railing; and so in all other cases."

14. "Therefore our rule ought to be, when we are

in company with others, not only not to go into actual danger, but not to go so near as strongly to bring up the idea to their minds and thus distress them."

15. "I never thought of that before," said Rollo.

"No, I presume not. And I had not time to explain it to you when we were on the cliffs, and so I simply directed you to keep back of us. That would have prevented all trouble, if you had only obeyed."

16. Rollo was silent and thoughtful. He was sorry that he had disobeyed.

"However," continued his father, "I am very glad I have had an opportunity to explain this subject to you.

17. "Now I want you to remember after this, that the best way in all such cases, is to consider, not what the actual danger is, but what the fears and feelings of those who are with you may be."

"Yes, sir," said Rollo, "I will."

18. "Once there were two young men," continued his father, "taking a ride in chaises. Each had his sister with him. They came to an old bridge that was somewhat decayed, and it led across a deep ravine which looked very frightful; though in reality the bridge was perfectly strong and safe.

19. "Now when the first chaise came near, the girl who was in it cried out,

"O brother, what a bridge! O, I must get out and walk over it. I do not dare to ride over such a bridge."

20. "'Poh! nonsense,' said Henry. Her brother's name was Henry. 'The bridge is strong enough for a four-ox team. I have been over it a dozen times.' So he drove on.

21. "His sister looked very much terrified when they came upon the bridge; but they went over safely.

"There," said Henry, when they had got over, "I told you it was safe."

22. "When the other chaise came down, the young



lady said the same thing to *her* brother whose name was Charles. She said she was afraid to ride over.

23. " ' Very well,' said Charles ; ' the bridge is safe enough, but I think, perhaps it may be more pleasant for you to walk over. It will rest you to walk a little, and besides you can stop to look at the pleasant prospect up and down the river, from the middle of the bridge.'

24. " So his sister got out, and he drove the chaise over carefully while she walked behind. Now which do you think took the best course, Charles or Henry ? "

" I — do not know," said Rollo.

25. " The way to determine," said his father, " is to apply the rule, ' Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' "

26. " Well, I think," said Rollo, " that I would rather get out and walk."

" I am sure I would," said Lucy.

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## LESSON IX.

### THE BAD SEAMSTRESS.

1. MAMMA, I've lost my thimble,  
And my spool has rolled away;  
My arms are aching dreadfully,  
And I want to go and play.
2. I've spent a half an hour  
Picking out this endless seam;  
So many pieces in a shirt,  
Is quite a foolish scheme.
3. If I could set the fashion,  
I know what I would do;  
I'd not be troubling people  
To sit so long and sew.
4. I'd put some homespun on their necks,  
And sew it all around,  
And make them look like cotton bags  
Placed endwise on the ground.

5. I hate to make these button holes,  
I do not love to stitch;  
My thread keeps breaking all the time,  
With just a little twitch.
6. There's Johnny playing marbles,  
And Susan skipping rope;  
They have finished all their easy tasks,  
Whilst I must sit and mope.
7. I think, mamma, 'tis very hard  
That you should keep me here,  
When the blue sky looks so temptingly,  
And the sun is shining clear.
8. Mamma! She's gone and left me,  
And closely locked the door;  
Mamma! mamma! come back again;  
I will not grumble more.
9. O dear! how foolish I have been!  
Alone I here must stay.  
Mamma! mamma! come back again;  
Forgive your child, I pray.

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## LESSON X.

### REQUESTS AND DEMANDS.

1. "ROLLO," said Lucy, "I have come to play with you." "Well," said Rollo walking along towards her, "that is exactly the thing; I wanted somebody to go down into the woods with me."
2. Rollo began to open the great gate for Lucy and himself to go through, when he happened to think that they had not got any dipper. When he went to work in the woods, he always used to carry a dipper to get water out of the brook; for Rollo like other children, very often wanted water to drink.
3. "There," said he, "Lucy, I have forgotten the dipper; now you just go back and get it. You know where it hangs, on my little nail behind the door."

4. "O no," said Lucy, "we shall not want any dipper." "Yes, we shall," said Rollo; "I always want to drink when I am working; and you'd better go and get it."

5. "No," answered Lucy; "besides, *you* ought to go and get the dipper, as you are the one who will probably want it."

6. "No," said Rollo; "I have got the hatchet, and that is my share. Come, you *must* go back and get it."

7. So saying he gently pushed Lucy with one hand, and with the other he held the gate, so as to prevent her going through.

8. Lucy smiled, but Rollo looked a little vexed. Lucy retreated a little, and then going along by the fence a few steps she began to climb over, looking good naturedly at Rollo who was holding the gate all the time.

9. Rollo ran to the place where Lucy was climbing over, and began to reach up his hands to stop her. "Lucy! Lucy!" said he in an irritated tone.

10. Lucy stopped; and seeing that Rollo was really beginning to be angry, she stepped back off the fence and began to walk slowly away.

11. Rollo thought from her appearance, that she was not going for the dipper. Besides he felt somewhat guilty and self-condemned. He stood a moment watching Lucy through the bars of the fence, and then said, "Where are you going, Lucy?"

12. Lucy turned round and looked at Rollo rather sorrowfully; but she kept walking on slowly backwards.

13. "I do not know where to go," said she. "I came to play with you, but you will not let me."

14. "I think you ought to go and get the dipper," said Rollo. "I do not think you have any right to *make* me go," said Lucy.

15. "Nor I either," said a voice that sounded like Jonas's, which came from towards the garden.

They both looked that way and saw Jonas's head over the garden fence.

"Jonas," said Rollo.

"What?" said Jonas.

16. Rollo paused. In fact he had not any thing to say. At length, however, he looked up again and said, "Don't you think that Lucy ought to go and get the dipper?"

17. "That is a question for her to consider," said Jonas. "If she should ask me for my advice about it, perhaps I should give it to her; but you ought not to trouble yourself about *her* duty."

18. Rollo did not answer.

"The question is for Lucy to consider," continued Jonas, "whether she ought to go or not. The question for you is, whether, if she decides not to go, you ought to undertake to make her."

19. "I was not going to make her," said Rollo.

"Yes, you held the gate," said Lucy, "and would not let me go through."

20. "You did not *try* to go through," said Rollo.

"Because I saw you were holding the gate," said Lucy, "and so it would do no good to try."

21. "It was not merely holding the gate," said Jonas. "You talked about it as if you had a right to demand of her to go. That is the way boys and girls get into half their quarrels. They make demands when they ought only to make requests."

22. "I do not see much difference," said Rollo.

"There is a great deal of difference," said Lucy.

23. "Yes," said Jonas; "you see, Rollo, this is it. When we *request* any thing, we do not pretend that we have a right to require it to be done. We leave it to the persons whom we ask, to decide; and, if they decide not to do it, we acquiesce.

24. "But when we *demand* any thing, we should be sure that we can properly insist upon it, and show the persons that we have a claim upon them, and that they ought to comply.

25. "That is the mistake which boys are always making. They demand when they only have a right to request, and so they get into a quarrel."

26. Rollo was silent, and began to chop an old post which stood near him with his hatchet.

"But I think she *ought* to have gone," said he in a low tone.

27. "Even if she ought, you had no right to insist upon her going. And I think you'd better go yourself."

"Well," said Rollo, "when I have stuck my hatchet into this post."

28. He struck the hatchet once or twice into the top of the post, and at length, when it was fixed there, he turned towards the house; but he saw Lucy running along before him for the dipper.

29. He met her just as she was coming out with it, and they then walked along very peaceably together. Rollo resolved to be careful in future, and not *demand* when he only had a right to request.

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## LESSON XI.

### NATURAL HISTORY. — THE SAW FLY.

1. WELL children, this is a beautiful day. The birds are singing, the insects are flying about, and you too appear pleasant and happy.

2. "Yes, sir; but we are tired of playing now, Uncle Philip, and so we have come to ask you to talk with us, and tell us about some of the curious things you have seen."

3. I will tell you about some very strange things. I will talk to you about animals that know how to work with tools like a man.

4. "Work with tools, Uncle Philip! That is strange. But where do they get the tools?"

5. Ah, children, "The hand that made them is divine!" They get them where we get all that is useful and good, — from God.

6. The Bible says, "He is wise in heart and wonderful in working;" and he has made many a poor

little insect, and given it tools to work with for its comfort, as good and perfect as any that man can make.

7. Yes, these little creatures had tools for working, long before man made or used them. God cares for the insects, children, as well as for us.

8. "But what sort of tools do you mean, Uncle Philip? Tell us about them."

9. Very well, I will: think of some kind of tools that men use; think first of the carpenter and his tools, and let us see if we cannot find some of them among the insects.

10. "Why, the carpenter has a saw. Is there any saw among these little fellows?"

11. Yes, indeed; and an excellent saw it is. There is an insect called the *saw-fly*; it has four wings, and commonly its body is yellow and its head black; but the most curious part of it is the saw.

12. Its young feed upon the leaves of rosebushes, and several other kinds; and the saw-flies always lay their eggs on the branches of these bushes, so that the young ones may have something to eat as soon as they come out.

13. It uses its *saw* to make a place in the branch to put its eggs in.

"What is the saw made of, Uncle Philip?"

14. It is made of something like horn and is fixed very nicely in a case; it resembles what cabinet makers call a *tenon saw*, more than it does a carpenter's common saw.

15. "It must take a long time for them to saw a very little cut, they are so small."

16. It does; but they persevere. It takes them more than an hour and a half to make one groove; and sometimes they will go on and make as many as six without stopping. That shows what perseverance will do.

17. "Indeed, sir, this is a very curious fly."

It is strange, children, because you never heard of

it before; but it is a very cunning, as well as curious  
ly.

“What does it do, Uncle Philip?”

18. When it is frightened, it will fold up its case and saws under its body, and draw up its legs, and pretend to be dead; and then it will not move, even if you stick a pin through it.

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## LESSON XII.

THE CARPENTER BEE, THE TAILOR BEE, AND THE MOTH.

1. “UNCLE Philip, we have seen in the bark of trees and old wooden posts, little holes as round as a gimlet could make; and we have been thinking whether any of these little creatures have augers and gimlets as well as saws. Do you know any insect that can bore holes?”

2. O yes, children; I know of more than one that can bore a smooth, round hole, as well as any carpenter you ever saw. There are some of the grasshoppers that have an excellent gimlet.

3. There is also a bee, which is called the carpenter bee, because she is such an excellent wood borer. She commonly looks for some old post, dry plank, or withered part of a tree, to work in.

4. I have seen one of these holes nearly twelve inches long, in a very hard oak board. Sometimes she has to work at it for months; but she works steadily, children, and that does a great deal.

5. There are tailors also among the inferior creatures, and some very nice ones too; at any rate, they always cut so as to fit exactly.

6. With the instruments that God has given them, they will cut — what is cloth to them — the leaves of trees and flowers, and will sew them together too; and there is one that will cut his garments out of our cloth.

7. I will first speak of the kind of bee that, fur-

nished with a borer, forms a round hole like that made with an auger or gimlet; and that plays the part of a tailor in making her nest in this hole, of leaves taken either from the rosebush, or from the birch, ash, or other trees.

8. The little creature cuts the pieces from the leaf in two shapes. They are either half oval or round, and of different sizes.

9. With the oval pieces, she lines her nest and builds her cells in a very curious manner; and the circular ones she uses to stop up the cells closely, so that the enclosed food which is nearly liquid, may not run out.

10. "And does she really make those round pieces to fit the cell?"

11. Yes, children, exactly: they are cut too as regularly as if they had been first measured and marked with a pair of compasses. And more than this, the little creature will fit one in less than a minute.

12. But the most curious thing is, that sometimes she will fly off to a distance to get this round piece, and bring back one that will exactly suit; so that it really seems as if she carried the size in her head.

13. But this wonderful animal is not the only *cutter out* of leaves among the bees. There is another kind, called the poppy bee, because it uses the scarlet leaves of the poppy flower to line its cell.

14. Now if you should take a pair of scissors and try to cut the leaf of a poppy flower, you would wrinkle it; but this little workman will spread out what she cuts as smooth as glass.

15. When she has lined this hole throughout, and carried the lining out beyond the entrance, she fills it about half an inch high, with honey and *pollen*, or bee bread as it is called, lays an egg, then folds down the leaves on it, and finally fills the upper part with earth.

16. "Then she was not working for herself?"



No ; she was providing a house for her young ; and God has taught her thus to take care of it.

17. I will now tell you of another little workman, which I have heard called the cloakmaker, because it makes for itself a mantle which really appears very much like a cloak ; and, stranger still, this cloak is lined throughout with silk.

18. This little tailor is the field moth, which first eats what it wants from a green leaf, and then, from the thin membranes left, sets about making its mantle.

19. The mantle is made of two pieces cut out and joined together with a seam, just as a tailor would make it ; but sewed or fastened so neatly, that even with a magnifying glass it is extremely difficult to find the seam.

20. The whole is lined with the silk spun from itself, and is finished in about twelve hours.

21. "Why, this little workman is the strangest of all ; but, Uncle Philip, you said there was one of these animal tailors, that cut his garment out of *cloth* ; pray tell us about him."

22. When I said that, children, I was thinking of the clothes moths. They make their coats of wool commonly taken from our cloth, and silk drawn from their own mouths ; and the strangest thing concerning them is, that when they outgrow their clothes, they will piece them to make them longer.

23. There is another curious thing about this tailor ; it always makes its coat of the same color with the cloth from which it takes its wool ; so that, if it has made its garment of a piece of blue cloth, and is placed on red cloth when it wishes to enlarge it, you will see its work exactly, for the pieces which it puts in will be red.

24. This is the little fellow, children, that does so much mischief to our clothes.

"Well, Uncle Philip, one can almost forgive his mischief for the sake of his ingenuity. But you have said nothing yet about *needles* ; how do these little creatures sew ?"

25. Why, they have what serves as a needle to them; but I will tell you in the next lesson, of another animal, which sews with a needle a great deal plainer to be seen than that of these little insects.

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## LESSON XIII.

### THE ORCHARD STARLING AND THE TAILOR BIRD.

1. THERE is a kind of bird called the orchard starling, about which Mr. Wilson, a gentleman who has written a great deal concerning the birds of our country, gives a very curious account.

2. He says that this bird commonly hangs its nest from the twigs of an apple tree, and makes it in a very singular manner.

3. The outside is made of a particular kind of long, tough grass, and this grass is knit or sewed through and through in a thousand directions, just as if done with a needle. This little creature does it with its feet and bill.

4. Mr. Wilson says, that he one day showed one of these nests to an old lady, and she was so much struck with the work, that she asked him, half in earnest, if he did not think these birds could be taught to *darn stockings*.

5. He took the pains too, to draw out one of these grass threads, and found that it measured thirteen inches; in that distance, the bird that used it had passed it in and out thirty-four times.

6. "Why, this was sewing, sure enough."

But there is another more beautiful little bird, which is called the tailor bird, because it sews so well.

7. It first picks out a plant with large leaves, then it gathers cotton from the shrub, and with the help of its fine long bill and slender little feet, it spins this cotton into a thread; and then, using its bill for a needle, it will sew these large leaves together to hide its nest, and sew them very neatly, too.

8. "Why, this is the most wonderful tailor of them all."

9. He is, indeed ; but, children, what do we learn from all that I have been telling you ? Who made these little creatures with such curious skill, and taught them to work so well ?

10. It was the same God who made us. How very wise he must be, to form such accurate little workmen ! and how very good thus to teach them how to take care of themselves !

11. The Bible says truly, that "*His tender mercies are over all his works.*" And I think, children, we may learn another thing ; it is, not to be so proud of what we know ; for I suppose we shall often find that the lower creatures around us understood many of our trades long before we found them out.

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## LESSON XIV.

### THE GNAT AND THE WOODCHUCK.

1. "It is very pleasant to walk with you, Uncle Philip ; it seems as if you met nothing which could not teach us things worth knowing."

2. Why, my dear children, you may learn just as I did ; by reading, by taking notice of things around you, and by thinking for yourselves. And I do not know any thing more pleasant to notice than the works of God.

3. I see his wisdom and goodness in every thing he has made. I see them in the insects, the birds, and the larger animals ; I see them in the grass, the flowers, and the trees ; and I see them in the rocks and the stones upon the ground.

4. All these things are well worth our attention, children ; the study of all these things around us is called the study of "*Natural History* ;" and I think it makes him who loves it, a better man ; at any rate, I believe most persons who have been fond of it, have been amiable and benevolent men.

5. "Uncle Philip, how troublesome these gnats are! How they do bite! It would be well if there were no such tormenting things in the world."

6. I am not sure of that, children. We may not always be able to find out the exact use of some of these little animals; but it only shows that we are ignorant, not that they are of no use. God would never have made them, if he had not had some wise purpose in doing so; for I do not believe he ever wastes his power in making useless things.

7. But what will you say about gnats, when I tell you they have a tool to work with, and a very perfect one, too!

"Why, we will almost forgive them for biting us."

Biting you! They have not been biting with teeth, they are doctors, children, and have only been bleeding and cupping you.

8. "With what have they been bleeding us?"

Why, with a lancet, to be sure; what should a doctor use but a lancet, to let blood?

"But has the gnat really a lancet?"

9. Yes, it has; this instrument forms a part of what you may call the tongue of the gnat. It is made up of five pieces, which are shut up in a case split from one end to the other; these give steadiness to the lancet when it is used.

10. But the pain does not arise so much from the wound of the lancet, as it does from the fluid or poisonous juice, which the gnat puts into the wound to make the blood thin enough to be sucked up through a tube or case, that makes part of its mouth.

11. There is an animal, very common in some parts of our country, that uses a spade. The country people call it a woodchuck, and sometimes a ground hog; its right name is the marmot.

12. This is a mischievous animal, and does harm to the clover fields. In digging his house in the earth he uses his fore paws to loosen the dirt, and throws it out with his hind feet, which are his spades.

13. His hind feet are very broad, and he can spread them out when he chooses, like a duck's foot, as there is a skin between the toes.

"But perhaps they are made so for the sake of *swimming*; the duck's are."

14. That is a sensible thought, children. Always think for yourselves; and when you make a mistake, try again; every body is mistaken sometimes. Let it teach you to be modest and humble; but do not be afraid to think again. A person who is always thinking, cannot *always* think wrong.

15. Now you suppose the marmot's feet may be made like a duck's, for swimming. Let me tell you, the marmot hates a rain as much as you would if you had no umbrella; he very seldom even drinks water, and then only a little; and you cannot drive him into a stream or pond; he is afraid of it.

16. As soon as cold weather begins, the animal goes into his house, and stops up the hole on the inside; and there he stays till the warm weather has come again.

17. He is quite a thief at times. I saw one once, which a gentleman had tamed so that he played about the yard; but every thing he could get hold of, that was fit for his bed, he was sure to steal and carry into his hole under ground.

18. When clothes were hung out to dry, he would take them off the line, and as soon as they were missed, the washerwoman knew very well where they were. She kept a long stick with a hook at the end of it, and with this she drew them out of the burrow.

19. He soon found out what it meant, and whenever she used the stick, it was necessary first to tie him up; for he did not choose to have his bed spoiled, and he would run to the hole, and try to get in and prevent the clothes from being drawn out.

20. On one occasion he stole eight pairs of stockings, a towel, and a little girl's frock; these he carried into his burrow as far as six feet from the entrance.

# LESSON XV.

## A WASP THE FIRST PAPER MAKER.

1. "IF we have not discovered any new *tools* among the animals, we think that we have found out a *trade* that some of them work at. Here is a part of a wasp's nest, which we have brought along; and as you told us it was always best to notice every thing closely, we have examined this, and it appeared so much like coarse paper, that we thought man did not make the first paper in the world."

2. Well, children, that was not a bad thought. Now you see the advantage of taking notice of things, and of thinking about what you see. You are perfectly right in supposing that wasps make paper; but it was a long time before men found out what they made it of.

3. A gentleman was trying for twenty years, he says, to find out how the wasp made paper, before he succeeded. At last he one day saw a female wasp alight on the sash of his window, and begin to gnaw the wood; he watched her, and saw that she pulled off from the wood fibre after fibre, about the tenth part of an inch long, and not so large as a hair.

4. She gathered these into a knot with her feet, and then flew away to another part of the sash, and went again to work stripping off more fibres or threads, and adding them to the bundle she already had. At last he caught her to examine the bundle, and found that its color was exactly like that of a wasp's nest.

5. He then set to work himself with his penknife, and very soon scraped and bruised some of the wood of the same window sash, so as to make a ball exactly like the wasp's. He thought this was the material out of which the wasp made paper; and it has since been proved that he was right.

6. The animal wets her little bundle of bruised wooden fibres or threads with a kind of glue that she has, and this makes it stick together like pulp or

paste; and while it is soft, the wasp walks backwards and forwards, and spreads it out with her feet and tongue, until she has made it almost as thin as the thinnest paper.

7. Hornets make paper for their nests much in the same manner as the wasps do, only it is coarser.

8. "Well, then, we were right in thinking that wasps were the first paper makers; and very glad we are that we saw this old piece of a wasp's nest. Who would have thought that so much could be learned by picking up this old scrap!"

9. Very good sense, children, in that thought. A wise man will learn something from almost any thing. Use your eyes, and think of what you see. This very trade of paper making, I think man would have found out a great deal sooner, if he had watched the wasps at their work.

10. They have been excellent workmen at this business from the beginning; and man has gone on learning little by little of this very trade, when he might have made a long step at once, had he but noticed wasps and hornets.

11. We go on very slowly sometimes, in learning to make a trade as perfect as it can be: the poor animal, with its knowledge such as God gave it, is often our superior.

12. These dumb animals cannot teach us every thing; there is a point to which they can go, and no farther: but as far as they do know, their knowledge is perfect; and I have no doubt that a great many useful things, not now known, will hereafter be found out by watching dumb animals.

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## LESSON XVI.

1. O, DEAR mamma! I'm glad you've come!  
Pray look, for we *pretend*  
I'm riding in a pony chaise  
To see an absent friend.

2. Now is it not a famous scheme,  
As like as chaise can be ?  
And such a noble horse as this  
We very seldom see.
3. For 'tis a true Arabian,  
As white as driven snow ;  
'Twas bounding o'er the desert sands  
Not many months ago.
4. And we pretend we speed along  
Like arrows in the wind ;  
And Charley is my servant lad,  
Who gallops just behind.
5. And so, mamma, we're driving out—  
And 'tis a morn in May ;  
And we can scent the hawthorn flowers,  
As we go by the way.
6. And we can see the waving grass  
Upon the green hills wide,  
And cowslips pale, and orchises,  
And many flowers beside.
7. And little lambs are all at play,  
And birds are singing clear ;  
Now is it not a charming thing  
To be thus driving here ?
8. And O mamma ! we've seen such things !  
Charley would have it so —  
Although a little servant lad  
Should not presume, you know.
9. And first we met a drove of pigs,  
Some small, some large and strong ;  
And O, I so much trouble had  
To get the horse along !
10. And then a great, wild Highland herd  
Filled all the narrow road ;  
They looked like mountain buffaloes,  
And wildly stared and lowed ;—



11. And 'neath their shaggy brows, on us  
Such dismal looks they cast!  
Mamma, 'twas really wonderful  
How ever we got past!
12. And coaches we have met, and carts,  
And beggars lame and blind;  
And all to please this serving boy,  
Who gallops just behind.
13. Come up, my little horse, come up;  
I'm sure you can't be tired;  
You never must be weary, sir,  
When you're so much admired!
14. There — now we're at the turnpike gate;  
And now we've driven through;  
Over the hill, my little horse,  
And then the town's in view.
15. There — now we're in the town itself;  
“Smith,” “Hopkins,” “Cook and Jones,” —  
One scarce can read these great gilt names,  
For jumbling o'er the stones!
16. And now we pass the “Old Green Man,”  
And now we pass “The Sun;”  
And next across the market-place,  
And then the journey's done.
17. Ah! now I see the very house;  
And there's the drawing room;  
Charley alight, and give my card,  
And ask if they're at home.
18. O yes! I see them every one;  
There's Anne, and Jane, and Kate;  
No, Charley, now you need not ring,  
For they are at the gate.
19. And now, mamma, that we are here,  
Will you pretend to be  
The lady all so kind and good,  
Whom we have come to see?

# LESSON XVII.

JONAS A JUDGE. — LAW CASE ABOUT A WHIP.

1. "WHAT is the matter?" said Jonas, as the boys came towards him.

"Why, Nathan will not give me my whip," said Henry.

"O, it is not his whip," said Nathan, "it is mine."

"It is not," said Henry. "It is *my* whip; Rollo gave it to me."

2. "Let me see the whip," said Jonas. "It is a pretty good whip," he continued, taking it into his hands and cracking it. "We will try the case. You may tell me all about it, and then I will decide the question according to law."

3. "*You* do not know any thing about law," said Henry.

"O yes," replied Jonas, "I am quite a good lawyer, — and I will hang the whip up here until the case is decided."

4. The boys all began to talk together, each telling his own story; but Jonas stopped them.

"Only one must speak at a time," said he. "And first I will hear Henry, as he is the claimant."

5. "The claimant?" said Rollo.

"Yes," said Jonas; "he claims the whip, and demands that Nathan should give it up to him; so we will first hear what he has to say."

6. "Well," said Henry, "I came here a little while ago to play, and Rollo told me to look and see what a beautiful whip he had been making. Nathan had it, snapping it. 'Did you make it?' said I. 'Yes,' said he, 'I cut the handle, and braided the lash, and fastened them together.'"

7. "Then I asked him to give it to me; and at first he did not answer, but pretty soon he said that I might have it; and then I went to take it, but Nathan would not give it to me."

8. "Because it was mine," said Nathan. "Rollo gave —"

"Stop," interrupted Jonas. "I shall give you your turn to speak presently. Is that all you have to say, Henry?"

9. "Yes," said Henry, "that is all, I believe."

"Now Rollo," continued Jonas, "let us hear your story."

10. "Well," said Rollo, "I made that whip. I cut the stick down in the meadow with my knife, and braided the lash; and then I fastened the lash on with some twine that Dorothy gave me. She found it—"

11. "Never mind that," said Jonas; "all that is nothing to the purpose."

"Nothing to the purpose?" repeated Rollo.

12. "No," said Jonas. "The place where Dorothy found the twine has nothing to do with the question, whether the whip now belongs to Henry or Nathan."

"No," said Henry.

13. "Well then," said Rollo, "the whip was mine, and I let Nathan have it to play with a little while; and finally Henry came and wanted me to give it to him, and I did; and Nathan ought to let him have it."

14. Jonas then asked Nathan what he had to say.

"Why, Rollo gave it to me first," said Nathan.

"O no," said Rollo; "I only let you have it to play with and snap."

15. "Yes, but you *gave* it to me. I asked you if I might have it."

"But I did not say yes."

"You nodded your head down so," said Nathan, imitating a nod.

"That is nothing," said Rollo.

16. Jonas smiled, and said he believed he understood the case.

"The point is, boys," said he, "whether Rollo's assenting by a nod to Nathan's request to give him the whip, was a good conveyance."

17. "A what?" said Rollo.

"A good conveyance; that is, whether it conveyed the property in the whip to Nathan or not."

18. "If it did, then, you see, the whip became Nathan's from that minute; and afterwards when Henry came and asked Rollo to give it to him, it would be no longer Rollo's to give; and the whip is Nathan's now.

19. "But if, on the other hand, it was *not* a good conveyance, then it was still Rollo's, and he had afterwards a right to give it to Henry."

"Yes," said Henry, "so I think."

20. "Now Rollo maintains," said Jonas, "that he did not really give the whip to Nathan, because he did not *say* he gave it to him in words.

21. "But I think he is in a mistake, to suppose that any particular words are necessary to convey such property: any way by which the intention of the mind is manifested, is enough.

22. "If it was your intention at that time to give him the whip, and if you expressed that intention by nodding the head, that is enough. Sometimes a thing may be given without even so much of a sign as nodding the head."

"How?" said Rollo.

23. "Why, for instance, suppose Henry were to ask me to give him one of my strips of leather for a thong to fasten a whip lash to its handle.

24. "Now, if I were to cut him off a good strip for that purpose, and hand it to him without saying a word, that would be a good conveyance; the strip would be his, and I could not rightfully take it back again."

25. "Well, Jonas," said Henry, "I wish you *would* give me one." "And me one too," said Rollo.

"Very well," said Jonas; so he took a good piece of leather, cut out two thongs, and gave one to *each* of the boys.

26. "There," said he, "by my delivering them so to you, with the understanding between us that I mean to give them to you, the property passes from me to you.

27. "Just before I delivered them, they were mine; and after I handed them to you, they were yours; and I have no longer any right or power over them. That makes a good conveyance—a delivery, with an intention to convey the property, no matter how the intention is expressed."

28. "Ah, but Jonas," said Rollo, "I did not deliver the whip to Nathan."

"Didn't you?"

"No, he took it himself."

29. "O well, that is the same thing, provided he took it with your consent. He asked for the whip, and you nodded your head. He took it; you saw him and acquiesced."

30. "That made it a good conveyance. You understood it so at the time, and he understood it so; and you cannot take it back because you afterwards altered your mind."

31. Then Jonas took down the whip and handed it to Nathan. His eye brightened up when he received the whip, and he ran away, capering about the walks with every appearance of pleasure.

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## LESSON XVIII.

"EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS."—Prov. xx. ii.

1. CAN a child reason? I do not ask if he can reason as well as a learned man or a judge; I know he cannot, any more than he can lift as much as a strong man.

2. No little boy here can take a book, and lift it up as high as a tall man;—but he can lift it up as far as he *can* reach, just as well as the tallest man in the world. Just so a child can reason as far as his mind understands, as well as the wisest man living.

3. Suppose one of these oods should go to his bed to-night, and before he knelt down in prayer, should bolt his door. He places the lamp on the table and goes to rest. In the morning he finds a beautiful

new book with his name written in it, on his table, by the side of the lamp.

4. He now looks to see if the bolt is drawn back. He finds it is. Did *he* draw it back last night after he had prayed? He tries to recollect, but cannot.

5. Was the book there when he went to bed? No: he remembers there was nothing on the table but the lamp; and he remembers it because he thought that nothing could be set on fire by the lamp.

6. He now *reasons* about it, and concludes that as the book was not there when he went to bed, as somebody must have put it there, and as no one could have got in if he *had* left the door bolted, therefore, he himself must have drawn the bolt back, though he has forgotten the circumstance. This is reasoning.

7. Every child can reason in this way. Try now, and see if you cannot reason, and I will endeavor to make it all *very* plain. Let us now slowly read over the following sentence: "Even a child is known by his doings."

What does this mean?

8. Suppose you go with your parents to visit some particular friends. The two families have not met for many years, and you were never there before. You find them sorrowing for an only son who has just been buried.

9. They tell you he was a lovely boy, about fifteen years of age. Their hearts were set upon him, and their hopes concerning him were high and strong; but in an hour he was cut down by death like a beautiful flower; he has passed away forever from earth.

10. You never saw this boy; all that you know is, that this was his home, and that his new-made grave is on yonder green hillside. But you look around from day to day, and admire many things you see.

11. You go out and find a little pond full of ducks, old and young. "What a beautiful pond!"

you say. "My son," says the weeping father, "planned that pond, and he got the eggs and raised those ducks. See! they are coming to have you feed them, under the tree where, he used to feed them."

12. You pass over a pretty footbridge. "My son made that bridge," says the father.

A little farther down the stream you find a dam across the brook, a waterfall, and a mimic mill in motion, to add to the beauty of the walk.

13. You see a little boat moored by the side of the pond, just large enough to sail on so small a piece of water. You turn back and look into a little yard, where are all kinds of fowls.

14. The father comes up, and you are not surprised to hear him say, "My son did all this!"

15. You go into the garden, and find one corner dressed with care and neatness. It has flowers, a grapevine, and many roses in full blossom. At once you know that this was *his* corner.

16. When you enter the house again, you go up stairs, and there you find a little room fitted up with shelves and books. The walls are hung with drawings and maps: the little table has papers and books on it.

17. You see also a small bed, a stove for cold weather, a flute on the shelf, and every thing in beautiful order. The dog lies on an old cloak, and will hardly leave the room. Do you need to have the father come and say, "This was my son's room"?

18. The little girls ask you to go and see their treasures. There are their small bookcases, one for each, their little tables and their boxes. They tell you their brother William made them all.

19. Can you not now, children, understand the sentence "Even a child is known by his doings"? Can you not now mourn with these parents who have lost such a son, and these sisters who have lost such a brother?

20. The mother places her feet upon the stool

which he made for her comfort. The father walks with the cane which he bought out of his small purse. The animals are fed and sheltered in houses which he built for them. Do you wonder that this family are in deep sorrow?

21. Have you any more doubt that such a son once lived there, than if you had known him, and seen him do all these things? Do you not begin to love him for what he has done? Certainly; for "even a child is known by his doings," and you judge of him by what you see.

22. Now it is exactly in this way that we know there is a God.

We have never seen him nor heard his voice; yet it is just as certain that there is a God, as if we saw him every moment.

23. Indeed, you could not see God with your eyes, for he is a spirit. When you look at a man, it is not the soul, the spirit, the *man*, which you see, but only the body—the house in which the soul lives. The body moves, or speaks, or does something.

24. If God should show himself to you, it would be a body in which he dwelt, and not God himself; so that when you see what God has *done*, you are just as certain there is a God, as if you saw him doing the things.

## LESSON XIX.

### CAUSE AND EFFECT EXPLAINED AND APPLIED.

1. Now children, if you will attend and try to understand me, I will explain two hard words,—*Cause* and *Effect*. But I will make them very easy to be understood.

2. You all know that when any thing is done, somebody or something must do it. When a ball rolls on the ground, something must make it roll. When a pin drops, its weight must make it drop.

3. When a gun goes off, there must be powder in



it to make it go; and when powder burns, there must be fire to make it burn.

4. Every body knows and feels this; and this is what I mean. That which *does* any thing, is the cause; and that which *is done*, is the effect.

5. Give a very little boy a hammer, and he strikes with it and makes a noise. He does it a second time, and is just as sure that the noise will follow the second blow, as an old man would be.

6. The little girl is just as sure that somebody made her doll, as if she had seen it made; and children always ask, who did this thing, and who did that, — and they know that every effect must have a cause. Now see what I am going to do with this cause and effect.

7. A great ship was once dashed to pieces in a storm, on an island. There was a learned man on board named Aristippus. The crew of the ship all expected to be torn in pieces by wild beasts, or murdered by savages.

8. But on the sand of the sea shore, Aristippus found some rude figures drawn or marked out; they were such figures as are used in studying mathematics. "Let us take courage, my friends," he cried out in joy, "for I see the marks of civilized men."

9. Now, how came he to think that *men* made these marks in the sand? Why did he not think that the winds or the waves of the sea made the marks?

10. Why did he not think that a bird made them with his claws, or a lion with his paw? Or why not think that a savage made them with the end of his bow?

11. Because this learned man knew there must be some cause for these figures; and because they were so round or square or true, he knew they must have been made by some man who had been educated and taught.

12. This is the feeling of every body, all over the

world. We never see any thing done, when somebody or something did not do it. And if a man should say that he had seen a house rise up out of the ground, built by nobody, we should say, that cannot be: the man must either have lost his reason, or he must be a great liar.

13. We know that something or somebody must have made the sun, the moon, the stars, the world in which we live, the mountains and hills, the oceans and rivers, the trees and flowers, the men and the animals.

14. But did they not all come by *chance*?

By chance! And what is *chance*? I have heard some few people talk about chance as if there were no God, and as if all things were made by chance!

15. It is a curious fact, that these people do not pretend that chance has done any thing else, except the most wonderful of all things—that of creating all things!

16. Now lest, when you grow older, some wicked man may try to make you think that *chance* could do all these things, I want to talk a little about it and make it plain to you. But I must do it in the next lesson.

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## LESSON XX.

X  
“THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, ‘THERE IS NO GOD.’”

1. SUPPOSE I could find one of these wise-feeling men, who say there is no God and believe in chance, on an island alone. He was cast away in a ship, and left there in a storm when all were drowned except himself.

2. He has built a small house of stones and dirt; he sits at the door, and looks off on the waters as far as the eye can reach, and sees nothing but the dark-blue sea, the heavens, and the sun rising apparently out of the waters in the morning, and again going down yellow as gold into the waters at evening.

3. I say to him, “Sir, do you see that little white

spot on the face of the great waters, far off to the right hand?"

"Yes, I see it."

4. "Well, it grows as we gaze. The sails are spread, and it looks like a ship. See! the flag floats in the breeze, and the tapering masts shoot far up towards the sky.

5. "She bounds on from wave to wave, fleet as the Arab's horse. She obeys the helm; she comes near the island; the anchors drop from her bow, and she pauses and sits like a beautiful bird upon the waters. Do you see this, sir?"

6. "Yes, yes, I see it all."

"What makes the tear stand in your eye, and why does your heart throb so?"

"Why," replies he, "don't you see that form on the waters,—that beautiful ship?"

7. "Yes, I am astonished at seeing what *chance* can do! Only see, then! The wood grew into the shape of that ship by *chance*. It fell into the water and floated away.

8. "The grass and weeds around the wood took the shape of ropes, shrouds, and also of sails. That is not a real ship, sir; it is only the work of chance!"

9. "Why," says this believer in chance, "I thought it a ship, with men in it, and that I should go away in it to my home, and leave this gloomy island forever."

10. "O no! Sir, you must be mistaken. There are no marks of design about that thing. It is all the work of chance. No *mind* ever planned it."

11. "But I see masts and shrouds, the bowsprit and the yards!"—"Yes; but it is all the work of *chance*! It grew so by *chance*!"—"But I hear strains of music," he replies, "and know those to be the tunes of my own dear country."

12. "No! that is the wind whistling through the ropes, and by *chance* it strikes the ropes so as to give the sound of the drum, the fife, and the bugle; and

then the wind changes a little, and another tune follows. But it is all by *chance*! Those flags with stars and stripes on them, are all the work of chance!"

13. "Now don't try to make me believe that any longer. I *know* that to be a ship built by *men*, rigged and managed by men, just as well as if I had seen every stick of her timbers hewed, and every plank laid. There is no chance about it."

14. And yet such persons pretend that *men*, who can build the ship, — the wood and iron of which she is built, the waters on which she sails, and the winds which move her, — are all the work of *chance*! Children, do not even *you* see how weak and foolish this is?

15. But suppose you go with one of these believers in chance, on some pleasant day. He tells you that he is now going to show you what *chance* can do. You follow him up stairs, into a long and high room. As you go up the steps, he begins to talk to you.

16. "Do you see these beautiful stone steps? They were all laid so by chance! No, not *laid* so, but happened to be so. This long room was made by chance. These windows *happened* so, and they are very convenient.

17. "These walls you see, are all hung round with paintings and pictures; — no — not *hung* round, — for that implies design, — but the walls are covered with colors, all thrown on by chance. How beautiful!"

18. "Now let me point out, and show you what wonders chance can perform! Do you see that corner?"

"Yes," you say, "I see a beautiful likeness of Washington." "Well, do you see that?"

19. "Yes, I see a picture of Bonaparte. And along yonder, I see the portraits of all the Presidents of the United States. There is a child with a fawn.

There is a landscape!—there a shipwreck!—and there a harvest field full of reapers! What a beautiful gallery of paintings!—Who *did* paint all these?"

20. "Paint all these! Why, I tell you, nobody. No mind ever made these! They are all the work of blind chance! You know that colors *must* exist somewhere;—no—I do not mean *must*, but they *do* exist somewhere and somehow; and so they *happened* by chance to take these forms, and make these pictures! Can you not believe this?"

21. "No, no," you say; "no human being can believe this story."

Now how can any one ever pretend that the *mind* of man which could paint these things, and that these things themselves which are here only copied in this room, could be made by chance?

22. Shall I tell you of a curious fact?

It is said that a small *weed* was once picked up on the beach of one of the islands called Azores. Nobody had ever seen one like it, and nobody could tell where the weed or plant grew.

23. They knew that it must have grown somewhere; and as it was unknown, it must have come from an unknown country; and this simple fact, it is said, first led Christopher Columbus to believe in the existence of a Western World. What if he had thrown away common sense, and believed in chance?

24. Were a watch taken to pieces, and all the wheels shown to you, "It is plain," you would say, "that somebody must have made it;" and if all the watches in the world were gathered together into one heap, we should say, "All these could not be made by chance! Somebody must have made them!"

25. You now see, children, why I believe there is a God, and why your parents believe it—because *some one* must have made every thing.

26. Then, as there is certainly a God who made all things, that book which will tell all about him,

must be a very interesting book ; and we ought to know as much about him as possible.

27. As God is the greatest Being, and the greatest subject on which we *can* think, so it will help to strengthen and cultivate the mind, every time we think of him. The men who think much about the Creator, are always very intelligent men. ✕

## LESSON XXI.

### THE FOUND TREASURE.

1. ● HARRY, come hither, and lay down your book,  
And see what a treasure I've found ! only look !

'Tis as handsome a kitten as ever you saw,

Equipped like a cat, with tail, whisker and claw.

See, here it is, ready for pastime and freak,

Though it looks at this moment so sober and meek :

Yes, Harry, examine it over and over,

'Tis really the kitten no one could discover !

2. O Kit, we have sought you above and below ;

We have gone where a mouser never could go ;

We have hunted in garrets with diligent care,

In chambers and closets — but you were not there ;

We've been in dark corners with lanterns to see ;

We've peeped in the hay-loft if there you might be ;

And the parlor and kitchen we've searched through  
and through,

And listened in vain for your musical mew !

3. And who would have thought that a sensible puss,

As your mother is deemed, would have harassed us  
thus ?

Then to bury you here, in this odd, little den !

But you never, my kit, shall be buried again ;

You shall go to the parlor and sit on the hearth,

And there we will laugh at your frolicsome mirth ;

You shall caper about on the warm kitchen floor,

And in the hot sunshine shall bask at the door.

4. You shall have a round cork at the end of a string  
'Tied up to the table, you gray little thing!

You shall twirl round and round like a brisk wind-  
mill sail,

You poor little simpleton, after your tail;

And jump in affright from a shade on the wall;

And spring like a tiger — on nothing at all —

While my father will lay his old book on his knee,

And my mother look up from her knitting to see.

5. I am glad we have found you before you were  
wise,

And had learned all a kitten's arch ways to despise;

Before you grew sober, demure, and all that,

And adhered to grave rules, like a well-behaved cat!

Come, Kitty, we'll take you this same afternoon,

And show you about like a man from the moon.

There — down in your basket, we'll cover you so,

And ask but a pin for a peep at the show!

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## LESSON XXII.

### SELF-DENIAL.

1. THE clock had just struck nine, and Harry recollected that his mother had desired them not to sit up a moment after the clock struck. "Never mind," said Frank, "here is a famous fire, and I shall stay and enjoy it."

2. "Yes," said Harry, "here is a famous fire, and I should like to stay and enjoy it; but that would not be self-denial, would it, Frank?" — "Poh! nonsense!" said Frank; "I shall not stir yet, I promise you." — "Then good night to you," said Harry.

3. Six o'clock was the time at which the brothers were expected to rise. When it struck six the next morning, Harry started up; but the air felt so cold, that he had a strong inclination to lie down again.

4. "But no," thought he; "here is a fine opportunity for self-denial;" and up he jumped without

further hesitation. "Frank! Frank!" said he to his sleeping brother, "past six o'clock and a fine starlight morning!"

5. "Let me alone," cried Frank in a cross, drowsy voice. "Very well then; a pleasant nap to you," said Harry, and down he ran as gay as a lark.

6. After finishing his grammar exercise, he had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast; so that he came in fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and what was still better, in a good humor.

7. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the bell rang for prayers, came down looking pale, cold and discontented. Harry, who had some sly drollery of his own, was just beginning to rally him on his forlorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution.

8. "Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," thought he; so he suppressed his joke; and it requires some self-denial even to suppress a joke. X

9. During breakfast, his father promised that if the weather continued fine, Harry should ride out with him before dinner on the gray pony. Harry was much delighted with this proposal; and the thought of it occurred to him very often during the business of the morning.

10. The sun shone cheerily in at the parlor windows, and seemed to promise fair for a fine day. About noon however it became rather cloudy, and Harry was startled to perceive a few large drops upon the flagstones in the yard.

11. He equipped himself however in his great-coat, at the time appointed, and stood playing with his whip in the hall, waiting to see the horses led out. His mother now passing by said, "My dear boy, I am afraid there can be no riding this morning; do you see that the stones are quite wet?"

12. "Dear mother," said Harry, "you surely do not imagine that I am afraid of a few drops of rain;



besides, it will be no more than a shower, at any rate." Just then his father came in, who looked first at the clouds, then at the barometer and then at Harry, and shook his head.

13. "You intend to go, father, don't you?" said Harry. "I *must* go, for I have business to do; but I believe, Harry, it will be better for you to stay at home this morning," said his father.

14. "But, sir," replied Harry, "do you think it possible now that this little sprinkling of rain should do me the least harm in the world, with my great-coat and all?" — "Yes, Harry," said his father, "I do think that even this sprinkling of rain may do you harm, as you have not been quite well: I think too it will be more than a sprinkling.

15. "But you shall decide on this occasion for yourself; I know you have some self-command. I shall only tell you that your going this morning would make your mother uneasy, and that we both think it improper; now determine."

16. Harry again looked at the clouds, at the stones, at his boots, and last of all at his kind mother, and then he recollected himself. "This," thought he, "is the best opportunity for self-denial that I have had to-day;" and he immediately ran to tell Roger that he need not saddle the gray pony.

17. "I should like another; I think, mother," said Frank, that day at dinner, just as he had despatched a large hemisphere of mince pie. "Any more for you, my dear Harry?" said his mother.

18. "If you please; no, thank you, though," said Harry, withdrawing his plate; "for," thought he, "I have had enough and more than enough to satisfy my hunger, and *now* is the time for self-denial."

19. "Brother Harry," said his little sister after dinner, "when will you show me how to do that pretty puzzle you said you would show me a long time ago?" "I am busy now, child," said Harry; "don't tease me now, there's a good girl."

20. She said no more, but looked disappointed,

and still hung upon her brother's chair. "Come, then," said he, suddenly recollecting himself; "bring me your puzzle;" and, laying down his book, he very good naturedly showed his little sister how to place it.

21. That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Harry called to mind with some complacency, the several instances in which, in the course of the day, he had exercised self-denial, and he was on the very point of communicating them to his brother Frank.

22. "But no," thought he; "this is another opportunity *still* for self-denial; I will not say a word about it; besides, to boast of it would spoil all."

23. So Harry lay down quietly, making the following sage reflections: — "This has been a pleasant day to me, although I have had one great disappointment, and have done several things against my will. I find that self-denial is painful for a moment, but very agreeable in the end; and if I proceed on this plan every day, I shall stand a good chance of leading a happy life."



## LESSON XXIII.

THE WHITE ANT. — HAPPINESS IN DOING OUR DUTY.

1. THERE is a small animal, called the white ant, common to Africa and the East Indies, about which I could tell you many curious things. These insects build something like a city, with bridges, stairs, roads, and tunnels under ground.

2. I will relate a story about these ants, which, I think, is ~~most~~ wonderful because it appears so much like reason. They all seem to work separately, — I mean without attending to the work of others: of course, sometimes the work done by different ants on opposite sides of the same gallery or hall will not suit; one wall will be higher than the other, so that the ceilings will not meet.

3. Mr. Huber saw just such a case: the ceiling which was begun from one wall, would have just

reached the other wall about half way up ; and while he was wondering how the ants would remedy the fault, one of them came, and looking at the work, seemed to know that it was wrong, and immediately began to take down the ceiling from the lower wall ; he then raised it to the same height with the opposite wall, and made a new ceiling, in Mr. Huber's presence, with the pieces of the old one.

4. " If that ant did not know how to think, I am mistaken."

5. I must confess, children, it does seem very much like thinking ; and if it was not thinking, we must at any rate own it was something which, *in this case*, did quite as well ; for no thought of man could have hit upon a better plan.

6. But if the ant knew how to think as a man does, do you suppose it would ever have made the mistake ? Would not the workmen have all agreed beforehand what they were to do, and how it should be done, so that there might be no need of pulling down any of the work, because it would not suit ?

7. I think that this story, while it shows us something like reason in *one* particular instance, shows us also that *in general* the ant has not reason like ours.

Now, can any of you inform me what the Bible says about the ant ?

8. " O yes ; it says, ' Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.' "

Then, whenever you have any lessons assigned you, remember what the Bible says to the sluggard, and go and learn them at once.

9. When your teacher is satisfied with your conduct and recitations, I doubt not you feel far more cheerful and happy than you would if you had neglected to learn your lessons. For such are apt to be the feelings of those who have done their duty. x

10. I am very well persuaded, that there is no such thing as real, solid happiness in this world, but in that man who acts from a sense of duty.

11. I do not mean to say that a man, even when he does his duty, always feels comfortable or happy *at once*; but he will be more apt to feel so, than if he did not do his duty; and I do say that no man who does not act from a sense of duty, is likely to feel any thing like happiness very often or very long.

12. "Then a man who wishes to be happy will try in the first place, to find out what his duty is."

13. To be sure he will; and he need not try very long either, if he really wishes to know it. The will of God is the foundation of all our duties; and an honest man or boy either, can commonly tell what God will think to be right or wrong in his conduct.

14. You know where a great many of our duties are very plainly written down for us, — do you not? When it is not exactly written down in the Bible what we should do, still, if we will think, we shall very often find out what to do, from what is written.

15. Your parents send you to school, and teachers are provided for instructing you. Now, suppose that John should play the truant; he would, in doing so, disobey what God has commanded in the Bible, just as much as if the Bible *did* say, "A boy shall not play the truant;" for the Bible does say, "*Children, obey your parents,*" and John could not be a truant, without disobeying his parents, who bade him go to school.

16. There is another thing I wish you to understand. John, as you see, would not only disobey his parents, which is wicked, but he would commit a sin against God. That is always the thing to look at first.

17. When we are about to do something that we are not very sure is right, we should always stop to ask ourselves whether God will be pleased with it.

18. Now if you do not understand what I mean, tell me; for you should always tell any person who is trying to teach you something, when you do not understand what is said to you.

## LESSON XXIV.

## THE CHILD'S LAMENT.

1. I LIKE it not — this noisy street  
I never liked, nor can I now —  
I love to feel the pleasant breeze  
On the free hills, and see the trees,  
With birds upon the bough!
2. O, I remember, long ago, —  
So long ago, 'tis like a dream, —  
My home was on a green hillside,  
By flowery meadows still and wide,  
'Mong trees, and by a stream.
3. Three happy brothers I had then,  
My merry playmates every day —  
I've looked and looked through street and square,  
But never chanced I, any where  
To see such boys as they.
4. We all had gardens of our own, —  
Four little gardens in a row, —  
And there we set our twining peas,  
And rows of cress, and real trees,  
And real flowers to grow.
5. My father I remember too,  
And even now his face can see ;  
And the gray horse he used to ride,  
And the old dog, that at his side  
Went barking joyfully !
6. He used to fly my brothers' kites,  
And build them up a man of snow,  
And sail their boats, and with them race,  
And carry me from place to place  
Just as I liked to go.
7. I'm sure he was a pleasant man,  
And people must have loved him well ! —  
O, I remember that sad day  
They bore him in a hearse away,  
And tolled his funeral bell !

8. Thy mother comes each night to kiss  
    'Thee, in thy little, quiet bed —  
    So came *my* mother, years ago ;  
    And I loved her — O ! I loved her so,  
    'Twas joy to hear her tread !
  9. It must be many, many years  
    Since then, and yet I can recall  
    Her very tone — her look — her dress,  
    Her pleasant smile and gentleness,  
    That had kind words for all.
  10. She told us tales, she sang us songs,  
    And in our pastimes took delight,  
    And joined us in our summer glee,  
    And sat with us beneath the tree ;  
    Nor wearied of our company,  
    Whole days, from morn till night.
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## LESSON XXV.

### KILLING INSECTS. — THE BAT AND THE SPIDER.

1. WELL, children, you say you have seen bats often, and yet never noticed the hooks by which they hang when they rest. You understand then that boys may have eyes, and yet not see things ; because they will not look for them. Use your eyes, children ; God made them to be used.

2. " But bats are such ugly things ! and they can bite too. We are afraid of them."

3. Ugly, children ! And what of that ? Will you look at nothing but what is handsome ? If the bat could think and speak, I expect he would call you very ugly. But it is foolish, children, to be afraid of these smaller animals.

4. There are many creatures that might hurt you, and I would advise you to keep out of their way ; but it is silly to be afraid of every poor little insect or animal that you see. I have seen a large boy cry, when he saw a poor little caterpillar or bug near him.

5. Now, there are very few insects, indeed, which can or will hurt you; and a great many of them you may watch, without touching them at all. I think he is a wicked and cruel boy who kills every poor bug that he sees, merely because he is stronger than the bug.

6. It would be a great deal kinder and wiser in the boy, to notice what the bug was doing; for then he might learn something worth knowing.

"But is it wrong to kill spiders?"

7. Kill spiders! Why, children, the spider is one of the very last of these little creatures that I should wish to kill. There is not a more curious animal in the world, nor one that will pay a man better for watching his motions.

8. Fine as its thread is, it is not one single line, but many thousands joined together by means of their claws. The spider made a door, with a hinge and spring to shut itself, long before man had done it.

9. And this hinge to the spider's door was not only a hinge, but was so good a spring, that whenever the door was opened, it would shut itself immediately; and when shut, it fitted so nicely, that it was very difficult to see the place of joining.

10. Think of this, and you will look at spiders hereafter with pleasure and interest, instead of wishing to injure them.

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## LESSON XXVI.

THE PHILOSOPHER, THE NATURALIST, AND THE POLITICIAN.—  
THE WHITE-EYED FLY CATCHER.

1. PERHAPS some of you can tell me what a philosopher is.

2. "A philosopher is the same thing with a very wise man, — is it not?"

3. That is pretty near the meaning. Philosopher means a person who loves wisdom; and such a person will always be trying to get knowledge; and a

person who is always trying to get knowledge, is apt to be a wise and learned man.

4. You know what the word *naturalist* means, — do you not?

5. "I think it means a man who loves to study about animals and insects."

6. It means a man or woman either who loves to study the things in nature, whether they are animals, stones, grass, or flowers, or any of the things which God has made. Observe, I said to study the *things*, and you said to study *about* the things.

7. Now a person may read a great deal that is interesting and true, about all these things in books, and it is very well to do so; but I think the real naturalist will never be satisfied with books only; he will be looking to see things for himself.

8. I said a woman might be a naturalist, because some ladies have been fond of natural history, and have proved themselves to be very good naturalists.

9. There is a kind of bird, the white-eyed fly catcher, which some have called the *politician*. Its nest is made of threads of dry stalks or weeds, and pieces of paper, generally old newspapers; and all these are woven together with caterpillar's silk, and lined with fine dry grass and hair.

10. And now what scholar can tell me why it is called a politician?

"We do not know what you mean by a politician."

11. What is commonly *called* a politician, children, is a person who is always reading in the newspapers about the government of the country, and talking a great deal about the President and Congress, the laws that are made, and all such things.

12. But the *real* politician is one who studies the different kinds of government, which have been in the world, and endeavors to find out which are good and which are bad, and why they are good or bad.

13. He reads too a great deal of history, to learn



what other nations have done, and what kind of laws they made, and why they made them; how they became great nations, or how they became very poor; and he *thinks* too a great deal, that he may find out what will be best for his own nation.

14. It requires hard study and thought, children, to make a good politician.

"Then a man cannot learn how to be one from the newspapers."

15. No, children; not from newspapers alone; but still he will read them, and often learn from them things very useful in his business. Newspapers are valuable things, and it is always best for a country to have a great many of them spread about in it.

16. But newspapers will not of themselves make a man a politician; and if you ask the editors, whether they expect to teach all about different governments, they will tell you that they have little to do with the acts and motives of other days, but they will teach people what is now doing in all the governments in the world.

17. No good government will ever be afraid to let the people have newspapers. They are always fewest where the government is hardest upon the people. — But let us return to the bird. Can you tell me now, why some people call the fly catcher a politician?

18. "O yes; because he has so many pieces of old newspapers about his nest."

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## LESSON XXVII.

### DANGER OF DISOBEDIENCE.

1. A GENTLEMAN who lived in the country, had a very fine piece of water in his garden, on which there was a pleasure boat. Very frequently in fine weather, he used to take his children with him, and

row them about for a good while, as they were all fond of the amusement.

2. Sometimes he would indulge his two eldest sons, Hugh and Robert, with the oars when he was present, and let them row the boat; but he gave them a strict charge never to attempt to do so when he was not with them; nor were they, upon any account, ever to go into the boat by themselves and without leave.

3. But these boys were sometimes so naughty, when they thought they were not seen, as to venture in, and move the boat about as much as they could, whilst it was moored, that is, tied to a post by the shore.

4. Two or three times they had been caught and even punished for doing so; yet one day, when they thought their father and mother were both out, they agreed they would venture again into the boat.

5. "There can be no harm in it," said Hugh; "we shall be quite safe; and even if we should upset her and fall out, at the worst it would only give us a ducking, and I am sure it could not hurt these old clothes; so come along."

6. Robert could not feel so easy about the matter. "I do not," said he, "think it quite right to go in, because papa and mamma are not with us."

7. "Poh! nonsense!" replied Hugh; "what a fuss you make about your *quite right*! What harm is there in it? If they do not see us, they cannot be uneasy; so come along; it is a fine afternoon, and we will have a nice row."

8. "You don't mean," rejoined Robert, "to unmoor the boat, do you?" — "Yes, indeed do I," replied his brother; "I can push her off from the land, for I understand how to do it very well; so come along, I say, and do not waste any more time with your scruples and nonsense."

9. So saying, he scrambled into the boat and helped his brother in. Robert then, though his mind

did not feel at all easy, assisted to loosen the boat from the post it was chained to, and they soon pushed off from the land.

10. "There now," said Hugh, "I told you I could do it; and I wonder what the mighty harm is of our taking a nice row, and enjoying ourselves this delightful afternoon. Don't you find it very pleasant?"

11. "It is pleasant enough, to be sure," replied Robert, "but I cannot say I enjoy it much. I am sure we are doing wrong. We were told not to get into the boat at all; therefore we ought not to do it. I wish with all my heart, I had not come. But let us row back again, and I will get out directly."

12. "Indeed, I shall not go back for a long time," said Hugh; "now we have disobeyed and got into the boat, we may as well stay and enjoy ourselves for an hour or two. If my father knows of our being in it for only a minute, he will be just as angry as if we stay in ever so long."

13. "But I think," resumed Robert, "that the longer we are naughty, so much the worse boys we are. If we have done a wrong thing, the sooner we do right again, the better we shall be; therefore I am resolved not to stay here; so pray put back again."

14. "Not I, indeed," said his brother, "for I am resolved to stay till it is dark; so row away, my lad." — "I will row to the shore," said Robert. — "And I will row into the middle," said Hugh; "so pull away; let us both tug at our oars, and see which will gain his purpose first."

15. They then both exerted their utmost strength; but Hugh, being the strongest, gained more way than his brother. Robert, finding it impossible to get back again, threw down the oar, and bursting into tears, said, "I see you are resolved not only to be wicked yourself, but to make me wicked also."

I think it is very unkind to compel me to stay here when I wish so very much to go back."

16. "Well, come along," said Hugh, rather pettishly; "take up your oar again and go back, if you will; but I think it is you that are unkind, not to stay out when I wish it so much. But you shall not say I made you wicked." Robert then gladly took up his oar, and in a few minutes was again safe on shore.

17. No sooner did Robert find himself out of the boat, than his eyes sparkled with joy, and he tried all he could to persuade his brother to get out also. But Hugh positively refused, and pushed himself off from the land, as he had done before.

18. Hugh enjoyed himself much for some time, floating about on the water; but at length as he was trying to turn about, somehow or other, for want of better understanding how to manage it, the boat dipped, and Hugh being thrown into the water, sunk to the bottom to rise no more.

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## LESSON XXVIII.

### THE LITTLE GRAVES.

1. 'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,  
And rustled on the ground,  
And chilly winds went whistling by,  
With low and pensive sound.
2. As through the graveyard's lone retreat,  
By meditation led,  
I walked with slow and cautious feet,  
Above the sleeping dead;—
3. Three little graves, ranged side by side,  
My close attention drew;  
O'er two, the tall grass bending, sighed,  
And one seemed fresh and new.

4. As, lingering there, I mused a while  
On death's long, dreamless sleep,  
And opening life's deceitful smile,  
A mourner came to weep.
5. Her form was bowed, but not with years ;  
Her words were faint and few ;  
And on those little graves, her tears  
Distilled like evening dew.
6. A prattling boy, some four years old,  
Her trembling hand embraced,  
And from my heart the tale he told  
Will never be effaced.
7. "Mamma, now you must love me more,  
For little sister's dead ;  
And t'other sister died before,  
And brother too, you said.
8. "Mamma, what made sweet sister die ?  
She loved me when we played :  
You told me, if I would not cry,  
You'd show me where she's laid."
9. "'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,  
Deep buried in the ground :  
No light comes to her little eyes,  
And she can hear no sound."
10. "Mamma, why can't we take her up,  
And put her in my bed ?  
I'll feed her from my little cup,  
And then she won't be dead.
11. "For sister'll be afraid to lie  
In this dark grave to-night,  
And she'll be very cold, and cry  
Because there is no light."
12. "No, sister is not cold, my child ;  
For God, who saw her die,

As he looked down from heaven and smiled,  
Recalled her to the sky.

13. " And then her spirit quickly fled  
To God, by whom 'twas given;  
Her body in the ground is dead,  
But sister lives in heaven."
14. " Mamma, won't she be hungry there,  
And want some bread to eat?  
And who will give her clothes to wear,  
And keep them clean and neat?"
15. " Papa must go and carry some;  
I'll send her all I've got;  
And he must bring sweet sister home,  
Mamma; now must he not?"
16. " No, my dear child, that cannot be;  
But, if you're good and true,  
You'll one day go to her; but she  
Can never come to you.
17. " *" Let little children come to me,'*  
Once our good Savior said;  
And in his arms she'll always be,  
And God will give her bread.

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## LESSON XXIX.

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

1. " **WHATSOEVER** ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them." When this golden rule is obeyed in childhood and youth, it is the basis of upright manhood, and the assurance of happy old age. To be entirely guided by it, requires perfect self-government: the longer we obey it, the easier is our task, and the less selfish we are. In regulating our conduct by it, we increase our self-respect and manliness; and these can never fail to

secure the respect and esteem of the wise and good.

2. Remember it is not enough to love our friends and playmates; but we must treat every one with kindness; "Love your enemies," though it may seem a difficult task to the selfish, will prove a light command to him who "ruleth his own spirit."

3. That person alone has true courage, whose self-control enables him to forgive and forget an injury or insult, instead of resenting it. The truly generous and highminded boy, unswayed by his own selfish interests, will always try to do what is *right*, regardless of personal sacrifice.

4. In the next lesson, you will find this great moral truth forcibly and simply illustrated in the parable of the Good Samaritan. If you would see the whole beauty of his conduct towards the Jew, forget not that the Bible says, "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans."

5. Indeed, we learn from history that the two nations had a peculiar hatred of each other. It was a most unusual thing for a Samaritan even to speak to a Jew; and it is highly probable that a Jew would have refused to help *him*, under the same circumstances.

6. The wounded Jew obtained no aid from his two countrymen. They heeded not the suffering, which they did not share; they had no pity for others' woes. Both priest and Levite, unmoved, gazed carelessly upon the dying, and passed hastily by on the other side.

7. The good man of Samaria saw in the prostrate, suffering Jew, an enemy of his nation, it is true; yet he did not hesitate. A deed of mercy was in his power; he forgave the wrongs of national enmity, and saw in the stranger a brother man perishing for want of aid.

8. No selfish consideration could prevent him from helping a fellow-creature in distress. He was not

satisfied until he had done all that was necessary to restore the man to health. Every thing seems to have been done with the greatest attention and tenderness.

9. He spared neither expense nor trouble nor fatigue. He might have rode on to the inn, and sent some one to bring the wounded man; even this would have been an act of kindness. His personal comfort was disregarded; and he left nothing to another, which he could do himself.

10. He cheerfully sacrificed his time, rest and money to relieve the sufferer. With his own hand he bound up his wounds, he gave him his own beast to ride on, and during the night, he himself nursed and attended him.

11. When we speak of a neighbor, we generally mean one who lives in the same house or street or neighborhood with ourselves. But in this parable, two men are called neighbors, who belonged to different nations, and were entire strangers to each other.

12. The Golden Rule, then, requiring us to love our neighbor as ourselves, applies to every human being. The Samaritan's charity and good will embraced all mankind; for they rested on the only true foundation of human intercourse — "Do to others as ye would that they should do to you."

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## LESSON XXX.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

1. AND behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted Jesus, saying, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

2. And he said unto him, "What is written in the law? how readest thou?"

3. And the lawyer answering, said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with



all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

4. And he said unto the lawyer, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live."

5. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?"

6. And Jesus answering, said, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead.

7. "And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

8. "And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

9. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and took care of him.

10. "And on the morrow when he departed, he took out twopence and gave to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.'

11. "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?"

12. And the lawyer said, "He that showed mercy on him." Then said Jesus unto him, "Go and do thou likewise."

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## LESSON XXXI.

### TEMPTATION RESISTED.

"Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

1. To act with integrity and good faith was so habitual to Susan, that she never before thought of examining the golden rule. But the longer she re-

flected upon it, the stronger was her conviction that she did not always obey the precept; at length she appealed to her mother for its meaning.

2. "It implies," said her mother, "in the first place, a total destruction of all selfishness; for a man who loves himself better than his neighbors, can never do to others as he would have others do to him."

3. "But, mother," asked the child, "may not a man do right to all his neighbors, and yet be selfish? There is farmer Thompson, who owes nobody a cent and pays every body as soon as he can; yet he is said to be the most selfish man in the village."

4. "A man may be perfectly honest, and yet be very selfish; but the command implies something more than honesty; it requires charity as well as integrity. The Levite in the parable, might have been a man of great uprightness; but did he do unto the wounded stranger as he would have wished others to do to him?"

5. "No! mother; he passed over on the other side; and it was the Samaritan who obeyed the precept."

"Well, the meaning of the command is fully explained in that parable; it is one of the simplest, as well as noblest, lessons ever given to man."

6. "But can a person fulfil the command by charity only?"

"Surely not, child, if he be not honest in his dealings with his fellow-men, he does not mete to others as he would have others measure to him; and if to honesty he do not add charity, he is equally deficient.

7. "We are bound not only to *do*, but to *feel* towards others as we would have others feel towards us. Remember it is easier to reprove the sin of others, than to overcome temptation when it assails ourselves."

8. It was not long after this conversation, that an opportunity occurred of testing Susan's principles. One Saturday evening, when she went as usual, to

farmer Thompson's inn, to receive the price of her mother's washing for the boarders, which amounted to five dollars, she found the farmer in the stable yard.

9. He was apparently in a terrible rage with some horse dealers, with whom he was bargaining. He held in his hand an open pocket book, full of bills; and, scarcely noticing the child as she made her request, except to swear at her as usual for troubling him when he was busy, he handed her a bank note.

10. Glad to escape so easily, Susan hurried out of the gate, and then, pausing to pin the money safely in the folds of her shawl, she discovered that he had given her two bills instead of one. She looked round; nobody was near to share her discovery; and her first impulse was joy at the unexpected prize.

11. "It is mine, all mine," said she to herself; "I will buy mother a new cloak with it, and she can give her old one to little Mary, and then Mary can go to the Sunday school with me next winter. I wonder if it will not buy brother Tom a pair of shoes, too."

12. At that moment, she remembered that he must have given it to her by mistake; and therefore she had no right to it. But again the voice of the tempter whispered, "He gave it, and how do you know that he did not intend to make you a present of it? Keep it; he will never know it even if it should be a mistake; for he had too many such bills in that great pocket book, to miss one."

13. While this conflict was going on in her mind between good and evil, she was hurrying homeward as fast as possible. Yet, before she came in sight of her home, she had repeatedly balanced the comforts which the money would buy, against the sin of wronging her neighbor.

14. As she crossed the little bridge, which spanned

a narrow creek before her mother's door, her eye fell upon a rustic seat which they had occupied during the conversation I have before narrated. Instantly the words of Scripture, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them," sounded in her ears like a trumpet.

15. Turning suddenly round, as if flying from some unseen peril, the child bounded along the road with breathless speed, until she found herself, once more at farmer Thompson's gate. "What do you want now?" asked the gruff old fellow, as he saw her again at his side.

16. "Sir, you paid me two bills instead of one," said she, trembling in every limb. "Two bills, did I? — let me see; well, so I did; but did you just find it out? Why did not you bring it back sooner?" Susan blushed and hung her head.

17. "You wanted to keep it, I suppose," said he. "Well, I am glad your mother was more honest than you, or I should have been five dollars poorer, and none the wiser."

"My mother knows nothing about it, sir," said Susan; "I brought it back before I went home."

18. The old man looked at the child, and as he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, he seemed touched by her distress. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a shilling and offered it to her.

19. "No, sir, I thank you," sobbed she; "I do not want to be paid for doing right; I only wish you would not think me dishonest, for indeed it was a sore temptation. O! sir, if you had ever seen those you love best wanting the common comforts of life, you would know how hard it is for us always to do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

20. The heart of the selfish man was touched. "There be things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise," murmured he, as he bade the little girl good night, and entered his house, a

sadder, and it is to be hoped, a better man. Susan returned to her humble home with a lightened heart, and through the course of a long and useful life, she never forgot her first temptation.

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## LESSON XXXII.

### LIGHTNING AND THUNDER EXPLAINED.

1. "THERE, now I have finished my letter," said Alfred's little sister, as she folded up a neatly-written sheet; "will you seal it for me, father?"

2. "O, let me seal it, do let me seal it for Fanny," said Alfred, taking up some sealing wax that lay on the table; "I am so fond of sealing letters."

3. "If it will afford you any gratification, you may," said his father; "shall I lend you my seal?"

4. "No, I thank you; the letter is to be sealed with my own little seal, if you please," said Fanny, "because of the motto that is upon it,— *Reply quickly.*"

The letter was soon neatly sealed.

5. "See how well Alfred has done it!" said Fanny, holding it towards her father. But her father was engaged in looking for something in his writing desk; he presently turned to Alfred, and desired him to rub the stick of sealing wax as rapidly as he could, upon the sleeve of his coat.

6. Alfred laughed while doing it, and said, "I always like to do as you desire; but what reason you can possibly have for wishing me to rub this sealing wax upon the sleeve of my coat, I cannot imagine."

7. "Now hold it towards these little bits of paper which are spread out on the table," said Mr. Adams, without noticing his remark.

8. Alfred did so, and the pieces of paper were, to the astonishment of the children, immediately drawn towards it, raised on an end, and otherwise put in motion.

9. "I never saw pieces of paper jump, before," said little Fanny, laughing at the novelty of such an appearance.

10. "*Jump!*" said Alfred, laughing still more; "you would not say they *jumped*, would you, father? though, to tell the truth, I scarcely know what word should be used in its place!"

11. "They are attracted," said his father, "towards the sealing wax."

12. "But what can have produced this effect? Perhaps the wax was not quite cold, for you know I had just sealed the letter with it; and this might make it attract the paper."

13. "But the paper does not stick to it as it would do if the wax had been warmed in the candle," said his father; "you may easily shake it off, if you please. There, warm it again in the flame of the taper, and try the effect."

14. Alfred did so, and the pieces of paper stuck so firmly to it, that he could not take them off.

15. "Now rub the other end of the sealing wax once more upon your coat, and convince yourself that the effects produced by friction and by the heat of the candle, are very different," said his father.

16. Alfred complied, and the little pieces of paper were affected precisely as they had been at first.

17. "Here is an empty glass bottle," said Mr. Adams; "rub this on the sleeve of your coat, and then hold it over the pieces of paper."

18. The effect was similar to that produced by the sealing wax; the pieces of paper were attracted towards the glass, and Mr. Adams said, if the experiment had been made in the dark, the glass and the wax would have exhibited faint signs of light.

19. In the next lesson we will seek the cause of an effect so curious. For we must cultivate habits of seeing and thinking, to aid us in acquiring knowledge.

## LESSON XXXIII.

SAME SUBJECT — CONTINUED.

1. THE power excited by rubbing the sealing wax, said Mr. Adams, is called *electric*, and the little *light* which I told you in the last lesson, might be perceived emanating from the wax, had the experiment been made in the dark, is called the *electrical fire* or *fluid*.

2. The earth and most bodies with which we are acquainted, are supposed to contain a certain quantity of this electrical fire or fluid, though it seems to lie dormant until put in action by rubbing or friction, and then it appears like fire.

3. The bodies over which it passes freely, are all metals and most of the animal and vegetable substances; they are therefore called *conductors* of *electricity*, as the air is a conductor of sound.

4. But this curious fluid will not pass over glass, sulphur, charcoal, silk, baked wood or dry woollen substances; all these bodies therefore are called *non-conductors*.

“Is sealing wax a conductor, father?”

5. No, my dear; I was going to tell you, that heat, produced by friction and moisture, renders all substances conductors; it was in consequence of the heat produced by friction on the woollen cloth of which your coat was made, that the sealing wax became one.

6. A piece of amber, like the sealing wax, on being rubbed, acquires electric powers. The name *electricity* is derived from a Greek word *electron*, meaning amber.

7. I led your attention to this subject, that you might know the cause of thunder and lightning; they are the effect of electricity in the clouds.

8. A flash of lightning is simply a stream of electric fire or fluid, passing from the clouds to the earth, from the earth to the clouds, or from one cloud to

another. Thunder is the report and the echoes of the report between the clouds and the earth.

9. I will try to prove this. Lightning strikes the highest and most pointed objects in its way ; in the same manner, all pointed conductors receive or throw off the electric fluid more readily, than such as are terminated by flat surfaces.

10. Lightning takes the readiest and best conductor ; so does the electrical fluid : lightning burns ; so does electricity : lightning sometimes destroys life ; animals have also been killed by electricity.

11. But what proves in the clearest manner, the perfect similarity or rather identity of lightning and electricity, is, that the celebrated Dr. Franklin, astonishing as it may appear to you, actually contrived to bring lightning down from the heavens, by means of a kite which he raised when a thunder storm was coming on.

12. A piece of sharp-pointed wire rose about a foot above the frame of the kite, and, being a conductor, attracted from the cloud the lightning or electric fire, which descended down the hempen string and was received by a key fastened to the end of it.

13. The part of the string that he held in his hand, was made of silk, which is a non-conductor, that the electric fluid might stop when it came to the key ; otherwise he would have suffered from it.

14. By a great number of experiments made with the electric fluid collected by the key, he completely demonstrated the identity of lightning and electricity. This was the origin of the lightning rods or metallic conductors, now used to protect buildings from the dreadful effects sometimes produced by lightning.

15. Now, Alfred, you may try to explain the manner, in which the claps of thunder that usually accompany the flashes of lightning, are occasioned.

16. "The air rushes together in a moment, to fill the space made by the passage of the electric fluid



or lightning, I suppose," said Alfred, "and this produces the noise."

17. Yes ; and as I before told you, thunder is the noise or report, and the echoes of the report between the clouds and the earth.

18. "I think there are few things more awful and wonderful than thunder and lightning ; and I am glad, very glad, that I understand something of their causes. Instead of being afraid, father, in future I am sure I shall admire and enjoy a thunder storm," said Alfred.

19. From what a variety of sources may we derive improvement ! A simple stick of sealing wax may prove the origin of many ingenious inquiries, and of much novel information.

20. Seize every opportunity, children, of adding to your store of useful knowledge ; let nothing pass unnoticed ; the book of Nature is ever open before you for study : and always remember that

"Nature is but the name for an *effect*,  
Whose cause is God."

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## LESSON XXXIV.

### CONFESSION OF FAULTS.

1. THOMAS and his little sister had permission from their father and mother, to walk in the garden at certain times, without any person to attend them ; which favor was granted them as a reward for learning their lessons well, and being in all respects mindful of what their parents said to them.

2. But they had been strictly forbidden to pluck any fruit, or even to meddle with such as they found on the ground, without first obtaining permission from their parents.

3. One day, in their walk round the garden, they stopped by the side of a peach tree, which that year bore but little fruit, but that little was very good.

4. Thomas saw two fine ripe peaches lying on the

ground, which he picked up, and without the least thought, he put one of them to his mouth, and gave the other to his sister; who, on taking a taste of it, found it so sweet and rich that it was gone in a moment.

5. But while the sweetness of the fruit was fresh in their mouths, it struck them that they had disobeyed their parents. What was now to be done, and how they were to appear before their kind father and mother, they did not know.

6. The little girl burst into tears, and said, "O! my dear Thomas, we have been very naughty: we were told not to meddle with any fruit, either upon the trees, or upon the ground."

7. Thomas, on the other hand, so far forgot himself at the moment as to say, "Never mind — how will they know that we have eaten the fruit? It is not at all likely that they know how many peaches there were on the tree."

8. "But, brother," said the little girl, "you know mother always asks how we have spent our time; and you also know that when we happen to make a mistake, if we are honest enough to confess it, she is always ready to pardon us."

9. "But," added Thomas after pausing a few minutes, "this is worse than a mistake; she will say, we knew we were doing wrong." — "Very true," said his sister, "but it is our duty to confess the truth; and should she punish us, we are certain that we deserve it."

10. At last they agreed to confess the whole affair before they were asked.

11. Their good father and mother were very sorry indeed, to hear that they had not minded their orders; but were so well pleased to find them open and sincere, that they not only forgave them, but even praised them for being so honest.

12. It would be well, if all parents were to impress on the minds of their children the bad effects which

result from telling lies, and the great good which attends on those who tell the truth and frankly confess their faults, when they have done wrong.

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## LESSON XXXV.

### WARRANTING THE TITLE.

*Mary, Jonas, Rollo, James, and Nathan.*

1. "Ah!" exclaimed Mary, "there is my geranium stick, now. You are the rogue, I suppose, that ran off with it," she said to James. "I could not think where it was."

2. She laughed good naturedly as she said this; but James began very seriously and earnestly to disavow having run off with it. He said Rollo gave it to him. "I bought it of him," he said, "with my picture."

3. "And I found it," said Rollo, "in the corner of the yard; I did not know it was your geranium stick."

"It is," said Mary; "Jonas made it for me to tie my geranium to, and I got my string all ready."

4. "Yes," said Rollo, "here is the string, I suppose;" and he drew out the long string from his pocket, and gave it to Mary.

So she took her string and stick, and went away to tie up her geranium.

5. After Mary had gone, James said, "Well now, Rollo, you must give me back my picture."

But Rollo objected to this; he said it was a fair bargain.

"But the stick was not yours," said James.

6. "Well I thought it was, truly," said Rollo.

"No matter if you did think so; since it turns out that it was not yours, you ought to give me back my picture."

7. "Why no," said Rollo; "to be sure you have lost the stick, and so I might have lost my picture. When people sell things, those who buy them, if they lose them, cannot go back and get their money."

8. James did not know exactly how to reply to this reasoning, but he was not satisfied with it ; and after discussing the question for some time, the boys concluded to go and refer it to Jonas ; and they both agreed to abide by his decision.

9. Jonas listened to the case very attentively. At first both the boys began talking together, each trying to get Jonas to decide in his favor. But Jonas stopped them, and made them talk one at a time.

10. " Which is the plaintiff ? " said he.

" The plaintiff ? " asked Rollo.

" Yes ; that is, which is it that claims something of the other ? "

11. " I claim the picture, " said Rollo.

" And I think it is mine, " added James.

" Which of you has got it now ? "

12. " Rollo, " said James.

" And you want him to give it to you. "

" Yes, " answered James.

13. " Then you are the plaintiff, James. We always hear the plaintiff's story first, and afterwards the defendant's. "

14. " Am I the defendant ? " said Rollo.

" Yes, " said Jonas. " He makes a claim against you, and you defend yourself from it ; so he is the plaintiff, and you are the defendant. "

15. Jonas accordingly let James tell the story ; and then he let Rollo say what he had to say in reply. After they had both done speaking, he reflected a moment before he answered them.

16. " The amount of it is, " said Jonas, " that you sold him an arrow stick, Rollo ; and it afterwards turned out that your title was not good. "

" My title ? " repeated Rollo, not exactly understanding what Jonas meant by title.

17. " Yes, that is, your right to it. The right which a man has to his property, is called his *title* to it. When he has not a good right, we say his title is not good.

18. "Now the question seems to be this — if a man sells any thing to another man, which was not really his, and the real owner comes for it afterwards and takes it away from the man who bought it, can he go to the man who sold it to him, and demand his money back again?"

19. "Yes," said Rollo; "that is it, exactly."

"Well now, men," said Jonas, "have two ways of selling things. Sometimes it is part of the agreement and bargain, that the seller's title is good; and then, if it afterwards turns out that it is not, he has to pay back the money.

20. "And sometimes the seller says he does not say whether his title is good or not; he sells it as it is, and lets the purchaser take the risk. That is called a *quitclaim*. You see he quits and gives up all claim he has, but does not warrant that somebody else may not have a claim.

21. "For instance," continued Jonas, at the same time putting his hand in his pocket and taking out an old rusty knife, "there is a knife which I picked up in the road a good while ago, and I do not know whose it is.

22. "Now you might offer me an apple for it, and I might say I would give you a *quitclaim* for the apple, but not a warranty; that is, I would give you all *my* right and title to it; and then *I* never could take it back again; but if the true owner should ever appear, you would have to give it to him, and you could not call upon me to give you back the apple, because I only gave you a *quitclaim*.

23. "But then, on the other hand, if you had told me, when I offered to sell you the knife, that perhaps the real owner would appear; and if I had said that I would run the risk of that, and would *warrant my title*; then if after that the real owner should appear and claim the knife, you would have to give it to him, it is true; but you would come back to me, and demand the apple which you paid for it, or something else equally valuable."

24. "Well," said Rollo, "I did not warrant my title to the arrow stick."

"No," replied Jonas; "I suppose you did not say any thing about it, whether you gave him a warranty or a quitclaim."

25. "In selling houses and lands, men are always careful to state in the writings whether they give a warranty or only a quitclaim. The writing is called a *deed*; and so there are warranty deeds and quitclaim deeds."

26. "If you buy a house and take a warranty deed, and afterwards some other man comes and proves that the house was his, you can go to the man that sold it to you and get your money again; but if you only have a *quitclaim* deed, then you cannot get your money again."

27. "Then I would rather have a warranty deed," said Rollo.

"Certainly," said Jonas; "every body would. And now for your case. In regard to movable property, which is sold without any deed, people generally say nothing about warranty or quitclaim; but the law is, that the warranty is *implied*."

"That is, understood," said Rollo.

28. "Yes," said Jonas. "If you should go to a store and buy a shovel, and afterwards it should turn out that the shovel did not belong to the storekeeper, but was only left there by somebody, you could go and call upon the storekeeper to pay you back the money; unless he told you at the time, that he was not sure the shovel was his, and that he would not warrant the title."

29. "Now did you tell James, when you let him have the arrow stick, that it was one which you found, and that you only gave up your right and title to it?"

30. "No, I did not," said Rollo.

"Then," said Jonas, "you in fact warranted your title; and of course now you ought to give him back the picture."

31. Rollo perceived the justice of this decision, and gave James his picture, determining in his own mind that he never would warrant his title again, unless he was sure it was a good one.

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## LESSON XXXVI.

### ON FABLE. — THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

1. A **FABLE** is a short narrative or story, invented for the purpose of giving instruction to children under an amusing form.

2. In the framing of fables, animals are commonly made use of, to give the example intended by the writer: these animals are *supposed* to have the use of speech and to act like human beings; and it is from what they are made to say and do, that the lesson we wish to impress on the minds of children, is derived.

3. Thus, to show that we are all mutually dependent and must assist one another, and that the feeble can sometimes help and serve the strong, the following fable of "THE LION AND THE MOUSE" has been written.

4. A lion was sleeping under a shady tree, when a mouse got on his back and awoke him: the lion put forth his paw and took the little animal.

5. The poor mouse, finding he had no chance of escape, asked the lion's pardon for his boldness, and very humbly begged him not to take his life. The lion, moved to pity by his submissive conduct, let him go.

6. This kindness was not lost; for a short time after, the lion fell into a net, from which, with all his efforts, he was not able to free himself: the mouse, who was informed of his misfortune, ran to his assistance and began to exercise his teeth so nimbly on the meshes of the net, that he soon enabled the lion to make his escape.

7. The fable moreover tells us, by way of *moral*, that in not punishing a trifling offence we sometimes attach to us by such an act of good nature, those whom we have pardoned, and dispose them to become of service to us when we stand in need of it.

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## LESSON XXXVII.

### CASABIANCA.

[Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, was stationed by his father, the admiral of the Orient, in a particular part of the ship during the battle of the Nile, to remain there till further orders. After the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, this noble boy, ignorant of his father's death, would not leave his post without that "father's word;" and he perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder. This is an instance of *obedience* even unto death.]

1. The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
Shone round him o'er the dead.
2. Yet beautiful and bright he stood  
As born to rule the storm,—  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though childlike form.
3. The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.
4. He called aloud—"Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done."  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.
5. "Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone!"—



And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

6. Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair;  
And looked from that lone post of death,  
In still, yet brave despair, —
7. And shouted but once more aloud,  
“ My father! must I stay? ”  
While o’er him fast through sail and shroud  
The wreathing fires made way.
8. They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.
9. There came a burst of thunder sound —  
The boy — O! where was he?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strowed the sea —
10. With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part:  
But the noblest thing that perished there,  
Was that young, faithful heart.

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## LESSON XXXVIII.

### BALLOON ASCENSION.

1. THERE once was a man who contrived a balloon  
To carry him — whither? Why, up to the moon.  
One fine starlight night he set sail for the sky,  
And joyfully bid our poor planet good by.
2. He mounted aloft with incredible speed,  
And saw the green earth every moment recede.  
“ Farewell,” he exclaimed, “ to thy pride and conceit,  
Oppression and injury, fraud and deceit;

3. Thy flagrant abuses, thy luxury too,  
And all thy gay pageants—for ever adieu.  
Thy festivals, spectacles, learning, and lore—  
My share in thy pleasures I gladly restore :
4. Thy kings, and thy nobles, lords, ladies, and  
squires,  
And all the poor world in its dotage admires.  
From its factions, and parties, and politics free,  
The statesmen and heroes are nothing to me.
5. Farewell to thy valleys, in verdure arrayed ;  
Farewell to thy merchandize, traffic, and trade ;  
Thy wide-swelling rivers that roll to the seas ;  
Thy dark-waving forests, that sigh to the breeze.
6. From Britain to China, or Ganges' wide stream,  
All fades on my sight like a vanishing dream."  
He spoke, and with pleasure soon darted his eyes  
on  
The moon, just appearing above the horizon ;
7. And, sitting upright, with his hand in his pocket,  
Shot up the dark sky into space like a rocket.  
But the swiftness with which his light vehicle  
sped,  
Soon brought such a giddiness into his head,
8. That he lay a long time in his boat without know-  
ing  
How long he had been, or which way he was  
going.  
At length he aroused from his stupor, when, lo !  
The beautiful planet was shining below !
9. Already so near was he come as to see  
Its mountains and valleys as plain as could be.  
With feelings no language could well represent  
He quickly prepared his machine for descent.

10. A fine open plain, much resembling, he said,  
Some spots in old England, before him was  
spread,  
Whose smoothness and verdure his presence  
invited;  
And there, all amazement, our traveller alighted
11. What thrillings of rapture, what tears of delight.  
Now melted this signally fortunate wight!  
And thus he expressed his astonishment soon:  
"Dear me, what a wonder to be in the moon!"
12. 'T was now early morning, the firmament clear;  
For there the sun rises, the same as down here.  
He took out his pocket-book, therefore, and wrote  
Whatever he saw that was worthy of note.
13. For instance:—The soil appeared sandy and  
loose;  
The pasture much finer than we can produce.  
He picked up a stone, which he wished he could  
hand  
'To some learned geologists down in our land.
14. A blue little weed next attracted our writer,  
Not very unlike our hare-bell, but brighter,  
And looked, as he said, most decidedly *lunar*.  
He wished he had come on this enterprise sooner.
- . But still he was far more impatient to trace  
What sort of inhabitants lived in the place:  
Perhaps they were dragons, or horrible things,  
Like fishes with feathers, or serpents with wings.
16. Thus deeply engaged in conjectural thought,  
His eye by an object was suddenly caught,  
To which, on advancing, he found, you must  
know,  
'T was just such a mile-stone as ours are below;
17. And he read, all amazed, in plain English, this  
line—  
"Twelve miles to Old Sarum, to Andover nine."

In short, the whole wonder at once to explain,  
The man had alighted on Salisbury Plain.

## LESSON XXXIX.

### THE USE OF LEARNING.\*

1. "I AM tired of going to school," said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him. "I don't see any great use, for my part, in studying geometry, and navigation, and surveying, and mensuration, and the dozen other things that I am expected to learn. They will never do me any good; I am not going to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer, or sea-captain."

2. "How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" his young friend asked, in a quiet tone, as he looked up into his face.

"Why, I am going to learn a trade; or, at least, my father says that I am."

"And so am I," replied William. "And yet my father wishes me to learn everything that I can; for he says that it will all be useful, some time or other in my life."

3. "I am sure I can't see what use I am ever going to make, as a saddler, of algebra or surveying."

"Still, if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are. And we should endeavor to learn, simply because they wish us to, even if, in everything that we are expected to study, we do not see clearly the use."

4. "I can't feel so," Herbert replied, tossing his head: "and I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do, the use of all this."

"You are wrong to talk so," his friend said, in a serious tone. "I would not think as you do for the world. My father knows what is best for me—and so does your father know what is best for you; and

\* Arthur's Story Book should be read by every boy.

if we do not confide in them, we will surely go wrong."

5. "I am not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been poring, reluctantly, for half-an-hour, in the vain effort to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and taking some marbles from his pocket, he began to amuse himself with them, at the same time that he concealed them from the teacher's observation.

6. William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention. The difference in the characters of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded, to need further illustration. To their teacher it was evident, in numerous particulars in their conduct, their habits and manners. William always recited his lesson correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school—the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were well taken care of—Herbert's soiled, torn, disfigured, and broken, externally and internally.

7. Thus they began life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other, indolent and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will.

As men, at the age of thirty-five, we will again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant, in an active business—while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

8. "How do you do, Mr. Allen?" said the merchant to the mechanic, about this time, as the latter entered the counting-room of the former. The contrast in their appearance was very great. The merchant was well dressed, and had a cheerful look—while the other was poorly clad, and seemed troubled and dejected.

9. "I can't say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler."

the mechanic replied, in a tone of despondency. "Work is very dull, and wages low; and with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough getting along, under the best circumstances."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. A. len," replied the merchant, in a kind tone. "How much can you earn now?"

10. "If I had steady work, I could make nine or ten dollars a week. But our business is very bad; the substitution of steam-engines on rail-roads, for horses on turnpikes, has broken in seriously upon the harness-making business. The consequence is, that I do not average six dollars a week the year round."

"Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"

11. "Yes—in the harness-making branch of it—especially in large cities like this, where the heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up."

"Did you say that six dollars a week were all that you could average?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large is your family?"

"I have five children, sir."

12. "Five children! And only six dollars a week?"

"That is all, sir. But six dollars will not support them, and I am, in consequence, going behind-hand."

"You ought to try to get into some other business."

"But I don't know any other."

The merchant mused for awhile, and then said,

"Perhaps I can aid you in getting into something better."

13. "I am president of a newly-projected rail-road, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and locating the route. You studied surveying and engineering at school at the same time that I did, and I suppose have still a correct knowledge of both; if so, I will use my influence to have you appointed sur-

veyor. The engineer is already chosen, and at my desire he will give you all requisite instruction until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is one hundred dollars a month."

14. A shadow still darker than that which before rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic.

"Alas! sir," he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge of surveying. It is true, I studied it, or rather pretended to study it, at school—but it made no permanent impression upon my mind. I saw no use in it, then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."

15. "I am very sorry, Mr. Allen," the merchant replied, in real concern. "If you were a good accountant, I might, perhaps, get you into a store. What is your capacity in this respect?"

"I ought to have been a good accountant, sir, for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now, although I was for many months, while at school, pretending to study book-keeping, I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."

16. "Such being the case, Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do for you. But stay!—I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres, and thence round to Callao, and want a man to go as supercargo, who can speak the Spanish language. The captain will direct in the sales. I remember that we studied Spanish together. Would you be willing to leave your family and go? The wages will be one hundred dollars a month."

17. "I have forgotten all my Spanish, sir. I did not see the use of it while at school, and therefore, it made no impression on my mind."

The merchant, really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him. At length he said,

"I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordi-

nary laborers are employed—that of chain-carrying to the surveyor on the proposed railroad expedition.”

18. “What are the wages, sir?”

“Thirty-five dollars a month.”

“And found?”

“Certainly.”

“I will accept it, sir, thankfully,” the man said. “It will be much better than my present employment.”

“Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week.”

“I will be ready, sir,” the poor man replied, and then withdrew.

19. In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them, as chain-carrier, when, had he, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor’s office, at more than double the wages paid to him as a chain-carrier. Indeed, we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness and profit he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use of learning too late.

20. The writer earnestly hopes that none of his young readers will make the same discovery as that Mr. Allen did, when it is too late to reap any real benefit. Children and youth cannot possibly know as well as their parents, guardians, and teachers, what is best for them. They should, therefore, be obedient and willing to learn, even if they cannot see what use learning will be to them.

21. Men who are in active contact with the world, know, that the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects, the more useful they can be to others; and the higher and more important uses in society they are fitted by education to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor. And therefore it is, that children are educated by their parents. They know the use of learning, and if chil-



dren cannot see it, they should be obedient, and learn, in the full confidence that their parents know better than they.

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## LESSON XL.

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

1. WHAT were they? you ask. You shall presently see.

These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;

O no! for such properties wondrous had they  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;

Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

2. Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay;  
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay;  
And nought so reluctant but in it must go;—  
All which some examples more clearly will show.

3. The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire*,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.

As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell  
As to bound like a ball on the roof of his cell.

4. Next time he put in *Alexander the Great*,  
With a garment that *Dorcas* had made for a weight;  
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

5. A long row of *alms-houses*, amply endowed  
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
Now loaded one scale, while the other was pressed  
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest:

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce.  
And down, down, the farthing's worth came with  
a bounce.

6. By further experiments (no matter how)  
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one  
plough.  
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,  
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail.
7. A lord and a lady went up at full sail  
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.  
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,  
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from  
thence,  
Weighed less than some atoms of candor and sense.
8. A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt.  
Yet not mountains of silver and gold would suffice  
One pearl to outweigh—'t was the "pearl of great  
price!"

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## LESSON XLI.

### THE TWO WEAVERS.

1. As at their work two weavers sat,  
Beguiling time with friendly chat;  
They touched upon the price of meat,  
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.
2. "What with my brats and sickly wife."  
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;  
So hard my work, so poor my fare,  
'T is more than mortal man can bear.
3. How glorious is the rich man's state!  
His house so fine! his wealth so great!  
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;  
Why all to him? why none to me?

4. In spite of what the Scripture teaches,  
In spite of all the parson preaches,  
This world (indeed I've thought so long)  
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.
5. Where'er I look, howe'er I range,  
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;  
The good are troubled and oppressed  
And all the wicked are the blessed."
6. Quoth John: "Our ignorance is the cause  
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;  
*Parts of his ways* alone we know,  
'Tis all that man can see below.
7. See'st thou that carpet, not half done,  
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?  
Behold the wild confusion there,  
So rude the mass it makes one stare!
8. A stranger, ignorant of the trade,  
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed,  
For where's the middle, where's the border?  
Thy carpet now is all disorder."
9. Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,  
But still in every part it fits;  
Besides, you reason like a lout,  
Why, man, that *carpet's inside out*."
10. Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,  
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;  
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,  
*Is but a carpet inside out*.
11. As when we view these shreds and ends,  
We know not what the whole intends;  
So when on earth things look but odd,  
They're working still some scheme of God.
12. No plan, no pattern, can we trace,  
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;

The motley mixture we deride,  
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

- 13 But when we reach that world of light,  
And view those works of God aright,  
Then shall we see the whole design,  
And own the workman is divine.
14. What now seem random strokes, will there  
All order and design appear;  
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,  
For then the *carpet shall be turned.*"
15. "Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll  
grumble  
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;  
My impious doubts are put to flight,  
For my own carpet sets me right."

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## LESSON XLII.

### TRY AGAIN.

1. "HAVE you finished your lesson, George?" said Mr. Prentiss to a lad in his fourteenth year, who had laid aside his book, and was busily engaged in the manufacture of a large paper kite.

"No sir," replied George, hanging his head.

2. "Why not, my son?"

"Because it is so difficult. I am sure, father, that I shall never learn to read Latin."

"And why not, George?"

"Because—because, I can't."

"Can't learn, George!"

3. "Indeed, father, I have tried my best," the boy replied, earnestly, the tears at the same time starting to his eyes—"but it is no use. Other boys can get their lessons without any trouble. But I try, and try. but it is no use."

"You must try again, my son."

"But it is no use, father. I can't learn it."

4. "I can't, is a word no boy should ever utter in reference to learning. You can learn anything you please, George, if you only persevere."

"Not Latin, father."

"Yes Latin."

"But have n't I tried, and tried, father?"

"Yes. But you must try again."

"And so I have, father."

5. "Well, try again, and again."

"But I can't remember the lesson, after I have earned it. My memory is so bad," urged the lad.

"If I were to promise you a holiday on the thirtieth of the month after the next, do you think that you would forget it?"

"No, I am sure that I would not."

6. "And why?"

"I can't exactly tell the reason, but I know I should remember it."

"Well, I can tell you, George. The pleasure you would take in the idea of having a holiday, would keep the date of it fresh in your memory. Now, if you were to take the same delight in learning that you do in playing, you would find no difficulty. You play marbles well, I believe?"

"O, yes. I can beat every boy at school."

7. "Few are more skilful at making and flying kites, I believe."

"No. My kites always fly the best."

"You skate well, too?"

"Yes, I can cut every figure, from one to nine, and form every letter in the alphabet."

8. "And you are very fond of skating, and flying your kite, and playing at ball, and marbles, &c., &c."

"Yes, father, too fond, I believe, for a boy of my age."

"And yet you cannot learn your Latin lesson. My

dear boy, you are deceiving yourself. You can learn as well as any one. Only try."

"But have I not tried, father?" urged George.

9. "Well, try again. Come, lay aside your kite, for this afternoon, and make another effort to get your lesson. And to inspirit you a little, I will tell you a true story. One of the dumbest boys at a village school, some thirty years ago, came up to repeat his lesson one morning, and, as usual, was deficient. 'Go to your seat,' said the teacher. 'You will never be fit for anything. I wonder what they send you here for!'

10. "The poor, dispirited boy stole off to his seat, and bent his eyes again upon his lesson.

"It is no use. I cannot learn,' he said in a whisper to a companion who sat near him.

'You must try hard,' said his sympathizing friend.

"I have tried, and it is no use. I might just as well give up at once."

"Try again, Henry,' whispered his companion, encouragingly.

11. "These two little words, uttered so earnestly, gave him another impulse, and he bent his mind with a new effort to his task. That task was the simple memorizing of a grammar lesson—not difficult by any means. The concentration of his mind upon the object before him was more earnest and fixed than usual; gradually he began to find the sentences lingering in his memory, and soon, to his surprise and pleasure, the whole lesson was as vividly apparent to his mental as to his bodily eyes.

12. "With a livelier motion and a more confident manner than he had ever before exhibited in going up to say a lesson, did he rise from his seat, and proceed to the teacher's desk.

"What do you want?" said the teacher.

"To say my lesson."

"Go on then."

13. "Henry proceeded, and said off the whole les-

son, rapidly, and without missing a word. The master cast on him a look of surprise, as he handed him back his book, but said nothing. As Henry walked back to his seat, his step was lighter, for his heart beat with a new impulse.

14. " 'Did you say it?' whispered his friend, earnestly.

" 'Every word,' replied the boy, proudly.

" 'Then you can learn.'

" 'Yes, but it is hard work.'

" 'But there is nothing like trying.'

" 'No. And from this hour,' Henry replied, with the energy of confidence, 'I will never say I can't.'

15. "From that day forth," continued Mr. Prentiss, "there was no boy in the school who learned more rapidly than did Henry. It required more thought and application, but these he gave in the just proportion that success required, and success crowned his efforts."

16. "And did he always continue thus to learn?" asked George, looking up earnestly into his father's face.

"From that day up to this time, George, he has been a student, and now urges you, in your despondency, to 'try again,' as he tried."

17. "And was it, indeed, *you*, father?" George asked, eagerly looking up into the face of his kind adviser.

"Yes, my child. That dull boy was your own father in his early years."

18. "Then *I* will try again," George said in a decided tone, and flinging aside his half-made kite, he turned, and reentered the house, and was soon bending in earnest attention over his Latin grammar.

"Well, what success, George?" asked Mr. Prentiss, as the family gathered around the tea-table.

19. "I have got the lesson, sir!" the boy replied, with a satisfied air.

"Perfectly?"

"I can say every word of it, sir."

"You found it pretty hard work, I suppose?"

"Not so very hard after I had once made up my mind that I *would* learn it. Indeed, I never stopped to think, as I usually do, about its being difficult, or tiresome, but went right on until I had mastered every sentence."

20. "May you never forget this lesson, my son!" Mr. Prentiss said, feelingly. "You possess now the secret of success. It lies in your never stopping to think about a task being difficult or tiresome; but in going on steadily in the performance of it, with a fixed determination to succeed. Notwithstanding your despondency, and doubt of your capacity to learn the lesson that had been assigned you, you have, within an hour mastered a task that you despaired of accomplishing at all. Never again, my boy, utter the words *I can't*."

21. The success that had crowned his own determined efforts—united with the impulse that the simple reference of his father to his own early difficulties gave to his mind, was sufficient to make George a rapid learner from that day. He gradually became interested in his studies, and this interest was in itself a new capacity for acquirement. When he left college at the age of eighteen, he bore with him the highest honors of the institution.

22. He now entered the store of a merchant, to prepare for a business life. At first, his new occupation was by no means pleasant. The change from books and studies to busy life and the dull details of trade, as he called them, was for a time exceedingly irksome.

"I shall never make a merchant, I fear," he said to his father one evening when he felt unusually wearied with his occupation, and dispirited.

23. "And why not, George?" asked Mr. Prentiss.

"I have no taste for it," the young man replied.

"Is it not honest?"

"Yes."

"And honorable?"



"Certainly."

"And are you not convinced that it is necessary for you to follow some occupation, energetically?"

"O yes."

24. "I gave you a choice of the professions; but you preferred, you said, a mercantile life."

"Yes. And still, when I reflect on the subject, my preference is for a mercantile life, over the others."

"Then, George, you must compel yourself to be interested in your new pursuit."

25. "I have tried, father."

"Then, *try again!*"

These words, uttered with a peculiar emphasis, thrilled through the mind of George Prentiss. The past rose up before him, with its doubts, its difficulties, and its triumphs. Springing suddenly to his feet, he said with emphasis,

26. "I *will* try again."

"And you will succeed."

"Yes. I feel that I shall."

And he did succeed in obtaining a thorough practical knowledge of business; for he applied himself with patient determination, and soon became interested in his new pursuits.

27. At the age of twenty-five he entered into business for himself, with a small capital furnished him by his father, as his proportion. Little beyond this could he expect, as several younger brothers came in for a share of their father's property. It became necessary, therefore, to invest it with care and prudence. The house in which he had been employed, was engaged in the West India trade, and as his familiarity with this line of business was more intimate than with any other, he determined to turn his little capital in that direction.

28. Accordingly, after renting a store on one of the principal wharves, he proceeded to freight a vessel with all the prudence that an intimate knowledge of the West India markets afforded him. But, alas!—two days before his vessel arrived, the market had

been overstocked by shipments from New York, and a large loss, instead of the anticipated profits, was the result.

29. For some days after this disheartening news reached him, he gave way to desponding thoughts. But soon he bent his mind to a new adventure. In this he was more successful, but, as the investment had been small, the profit was inconsiderable. His next shipment was large; involving at least two thirds of his capital. The policy of Insurance safely in his fire closet, our young merchant deemed himself at least secure against total loss.

30. But even the best laid schemes of success or security often fail. Two months from the day on which the vessel sailed, news arrived that she had been wrecked, and the whole cargo lost. Nor was this all: some informality or neglect of the captain, vitiated the insurance, and the underwriters refused to pay. A suit was commenced against them, which occupied from six to eight months, before a decision could be obtained.

31. Nearly a twelvemonth from the day his last most unfortunate adventure was made, George Prentiss sat musing in his counting-room, his mind busy with many unpleasant and desponding thoughts. He had done little or no business since the news of his loss had reached him, for he had but a remnant of his capital to work upon, and no heart to risk that. He was "holding off," as they say, until some decision was made in the suit pending with the underwriters.

32. While he thus sat musing, a letter from his agent in New York, where the insurance had been effected, was handed to him. He tore it open eagerly. The first brief sentence, "We have lost our suit," almost unmanned him.

"Ruined! — Ruined!" he mentally ejaculated, throwing the letter upon his desk as he finished reading it. "What shall I do?"

33. "*Try again,*" a voice seemed to whisper in his ear.

He started and looked around.

"*Try again,*" and this time he perceived that the voice was within him. For a moment he paused, many thoughts passing rapidly through his mind.

"*I will try again!*" he exclaimed, rising to his feet.

34. And he did try. This time he examined the condition of the markets with the most careful scrutiny; ascertained the amount of shipments within the preceding four months from all the principal Atlantic cities, and then, by the aid of his correspondents, learned the expeditions that were getting up, and the articles, and quantities of each, composing the cargoes. Knowing the monthly consumption of the various foreign products at the port to which he proposed making a shipment, he was satisfied that a cargo of flour, if run in immediately, would pay a handsome profit.

35. And he at once chartered a vessel, the captain of which he knew could be depended on for strict obedience to instructions, and freighted her with flour. The vessel sailed, and the young merchant awaited with almost trembling expectation the news of her arrival out. He had ventured his all, and the result must be success, or the utter prostration of his hopes.

36. In anxious expectation he waited week after week, until every day seemed to him prolonged to double its number of hours. At last a letter came from his consignee. He almost trembled as he broke the seal.

"Your flour has arrived at the very best time," it commenced.

37. For a few moments he could read no farther. He was compelled to pause lest the emotion he felt should be betrayed to those around him. Then he read the whole letter calmly through. It stated that the supply of flour was nearly exhausted when his cargo arrived, which had been promptly sold at three dollars a barrel above the last quotations.

38. "I shall clear three thousand dollars by my last shipment," he said to his father, who entered the counting-room at the moment.

"Indeed? Well, I am very glad to hear you say so, George. I hope, after this, you will be more successful."

"I feel that I shall. But I had nearly given up in despair," the son remarked.

39. "But you thought you would try again," the old gentleman remarked, smiling.

"Exactly."

"That was right, George. Never despair. Let 'try again' be your motto at all times, and success must ultimately crown your efforts."

40. His father was right. George Prentiss is now one of the most wealthy merchants in the city of—. He is somewhat advanced in years, and is accounted by some a little eccentric. One evidence of this eccentricity is the fact, that, just over the range of desks in his counting-room is painted in large letters, the words,

"TRY AGAIN."

## LESSON XLIII.

### THANKSGIVING DAY.

1. "Oh, mother," cried William Davis, as he ran into the house the evening before Thanksgiving day, "you don't know what a sight I have seen!" And as he spoke his eye brightened up, he looked as if he had seen some great curiosity.

"Why, what can it be?" asked his sister Charlotte.

2. "It must be something wonderful," said his mother, "to make you look so bright."

"I guess you would have wondered too," replied William, "if you had been with me."

"Well, let us know what the wonder is," replied she

3. "Why," said William, "I have been through Market street, and I counted twenty-five carts full of chickens and turkeys, and the market was almost full of people, and everybody I met had a fowl of some kind in his hand."

4. "Oh, I wish we had one," said Charlotte, "don't you, William?"

"Certainly I do. What a capital thanksgiving we should have, if we had one of those turkeys. It is too bad that we can't have one. I wish, Ma, you were not so poor."

5. "Why, my child, are you unhappy?"

"No, mother, I am not *very* unhappy, but then I should be so much happier, and you would enjoy yourself so much more, if you had more money, that I can't help wishing for it."

6. "Yes, and then I should not have to wear these old shoes, and such a homely bonnet," said Charlotte.

"But is n't your bonnet a good one, and are not your shoes sufficient for comfort?"

7. "Why—yes, mother, but then I should feel so much happier, if I could dress like SUSAN FIELD."

"Yes," said William, "and how much more I should enjoy myself, if I could wear such fine clothes as GEORGE FIELD, and have such a pretty sled, and such fine skates."

8. "Then you think, my children, that George and Susan Field are much happier than you?"

"Yes, mother, that we do," cried Charlotte and William, both at once.

"They have every thing they want," said William.

9. "They go every where they please," said Charlotte.

Just at this moment a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"Who can it be?" cried the children. They opened the door, and who should it be but Mrs Field

and her daughter Susan. Now Mrs. Davis did the washing for Mrs. Field's family.

10. The clothes were generally sent home on Saturday evening; but this week Susan Field wanted a certain dress to be "done up" before thanksgiving day. Mrs. Davis told her she would have it done if she could. But she had not been able to do it, on account of a sick headache, with which she had been troubled for several days.

11. Mrs. Field had now come in with Susan to see if she could have it. When she was told that it was not done, she was very angry.

"It is strange I can't have my clothes when I want them," said she. "It's too bad," said Susan, "I shan't enjoy myself a bit to-morrow without that gown."

"And you ought to have it," replied her mother.

12. Now all this was very unkind to Mrs. Davis; but *she* was not vexed. She calmly replied, "that she was sorry Susan should be disappointed, but she could not help it." "I am *always* disappointed," said Susan; "my bonnet that was to be trimmed by to-night, is not done and I must wear my old straw one to meeting to-morrow, and now I can't have the dress I wanted to wear, and I shan't enjoy a single minute of thanksgiving day."

13. "I am sure I hope you will have a pleasant time," said Mrs. Davis, "and I really wish you had your dress."

"Well, we can't stop to talk about it," said Mrs. Field; "so come Susan, we must make the best of it, and the next time we will not depend so much upon others."

14. So she and Susan went home without even bidding Mrs. Davis good evening, or speaking a word to her children.

They had hardly got out of the room when William exclaimed, "Mother, I felt angry enough to strike that Susan Field, when she pouted so at you;

and I think her mother was too bad to speak so unkindly."

15. "You should not feel so, my son," replied his mother. "I do not wonder that Susan is unhappy, not to have her gown; and to be disappointed in her bonnet too."

"Why, mother," said William, "I thought you always told us, such disappointments ought not to make us unhappy."

16. "So I say now," replied she; "but when a child is brought up like Susan Field, to place her whole heart upon such things, it is not strange that such disappointments grieve her. I have no doubt that, as she says, she will not enjoy thanksgiving day, on account of these disappointments." "So I think," said Charlotte. "Do you?" asked her mother; "before Mrs. Field called, you thought Susan Field was much happier than you, because she had so many good things."

17. "Now do you think she is a happier girl than you? Will she enjoy thanksgiving any more?"

"I don't know about that," said Charlotte, "we have not got anything to keep thanksgiving with!"

"Oh yes you have, child."

"What, mother?"

"Your heart!"

18. "Keep thanksgiving with my heart! I don't understand. How can I?"

"I will tell you, my child. By thinking of all the good things you have now; and by feeling grateful for them, without complaining that you have no more. If you *do this* to-morrow, you will keep thanksgiving with your *heart*."

19. After this conversation had ended, William and Charlotte bade their mother good night, and retired.

If they had nothing else to be thankful for that night, they should be for so kind a mother. I wonder if they remembered her in their prayers!

The next day, (thanksgiving,) was a pleasant day

20. William and Charlotte were up as usual, before

he sun, assisting their mother. What, perhaps some one will ask, did she work on thanksgiving day? Yes, stern necessity compelled her to work all the day long. Immediately after breakfast, William went out to hunt up some chips for his mother; and Charlotte busied herself doing little chores about house.

21. I cannot tell you everything they did and said during the day, for it might be tedious. I will only say, that they worked all day. They had a great deal of pleasant conversation with their mother; and William and Charlotte took turns to read loud during part of the day. As William was reading he came across the following anecdote:

22. "There was once a very rich king, by the name of Cræsus. At the time when he lived, he was the richest man in the whole world. He used to boast much of his riches. It almost dazzled the eye to look into his magnificent rooms. He was known all over the world as the man of wealth. When one wanted to call another very rich, he said he is as 'rich as Cræsus.'

23. "Now Cræsus knew of a very great and wise man named Solon. He was as much known and celebrated for his wisdom, as was Cræsus for his riches. Everybody looked up to him. Now Cræsus sent for Solon to come and see him. And as he was a king, and, on account of his office, worthy of respect, Solon consented to go. Cræsus then did all in his power to make his palace look splendidly, so as to offer an imposing spectacle to the eyes of the wise man.

24. His attendants were so richly dressed, that each one of them might be taken by a stranger for the king himself. Indeed, Solon mistook a number of them for his majesty. At last, however, he was ushered into the presence of the great man. He found him covered with all sorts of precious stones, and adorned with everything curious and valuable. Solon was not at all moved by this display. It seemed foolish, in his eyes, that a man should trick himself off in that style.



25. "Seeing that these things, these 'adornings of the body,' did not call forth the admiration of Solon, he opened all his treasures of gold and jewels, and precious stones of all kinds. He showed him all his splendid rooms.

"And after showing all these to Solon, Cræsus asked him exultingly, 'do you know a happier man than I am?'

26. "Solon answered, yes, and that was one Tellus, a plain, worthy citizen of Athens, who left valuable children behind him, and died in defence of his country.

"Cræsus thought Solon must be a strange, uncouth kind of a rustic, not to measure happiness by gold.

27. "However, he asked him whether, *after Tellus*, he knew another happier man in the world.

"Solon mildly answered, yes, Cleobis and Biton, famed for their brotherly affection, and dutiful behavior to their mother."

28. When William had finished reading this story, he said "it made him feel happier than any other that he ever read." His mother asked him "why?" He said "it made him feel that Solon was right. His heart responded to every one of his words, for I know," said he, "that the richest can't be the happiest. Now I thought last night, when Susan Field and her mother were here, that I did not envy them their happiness. Susan, you know, said she could not be happy because she was disappointed in her dress. I know she can't be happy."

29. William's mother was delighted to see that such an impression had been made upon her son. It made him happy all the day long. His sister, too, felt how true were the words of Solon. William resolved that he would be like Cleobis and Biton, famed for his brotherly affection and dutiful behavior to his mother. His sister, too, formed good resolutions. I hope they will keep them.

30. Thanksgiving day proved a happy day indeed to the family; notwithstanding they did not have a

sumptuous dinner. They had a feast of the mind, a moral repast. Not so with the Field family. It was a day of feasting alone. No holy resolutions were formed; no food was provided for the *heart*. The mind was kept on short allowance all day.

31. Children, which of these two families do you prefer? Had you rather be like Susan Field or Charlotte Davis? Had you rather be like George Field, (who, I should have said before, thought that to be happy, meant to be rich,) or like William Davis?

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## LESSON XLIV.

### A B C.

1. Oh, thou Alpha Beta row,  
Fun and freedom's earliest foe;  
Shall I e'er forget the primer,  
Thumbed beside some Mrs. Trimmer,—  
While mighty problem held me fast,  
To know if Z was first or last?  
And all Pandora had for me  
Was emptied forth in A B C.
  
2. Teasing things of toil and trouble,  
Fount of many a rolling bubble,  
How I strove with pouting pain,  
To get thee quartered on my brain;  
But when the giant feat was done,  
How nobly wide the field I'd won!  
Wit, reason, wisdom, all might be  
Enjoyed through simple A B C.
  
3. Steps that lead to topmost height  
Of worldly fame and human might,  
Ye win the orator's renown,  
The poet's bays, the scholar's gown;

Philosophers must oend and say  
 'T was ye who oped their glorious way;  
 Sage, statesman, critic, where is he  
 Who's not obliged to A B C?

4. Ye really ought to be exempt  
 From slighting taunt and cool contempt  
 But drinking deep from learning's cup,  
 We scorn the hand that filled it up.  
 Be courteous, pedants—stay and thank  
 Your servants of the Roman rank,  
 For F. R. S. and LL. D.  
 Can only spring from A B C.

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### LESSON XLV.

#### STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

1. Long have the wisest lips confessed  
 That minstrel ones are far from wrong  
 Who "point a moral" in a jest,  
 Or yield a sermon in a song.
2. So be it! Listen ye who will,  
 And, though my harp be roughly strung,  
 Yet never shall its lightest thrill  
 Offend the old or taint the young.
3. Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach  
 The man of wisdom, gray and sage:  
 'T is to the growing I would preach  
 From moral text and mentor page.
4. First, I would bid thee cherish truth,  
 As leading star in virtue's train:  
 Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,  
 But falsehood leaves a poison stain.
5. Keep watch, nor let the burning tide  
 Of impulse break from all control:  
 The best of hearts needs pilot-guide  
 To steer it clear from error's shoal.

6. One wave of passion's boiling flood  
May all the sea of life disturb;  
And steeds of good but fiery blood  
Will rush on death without a curb.
7. Think on the course ye fain would run,  
And moderate the wild desire;  
There's many a one would drive the sun,  
Only to set the world on fire.
8. Slight not the one of honest worth,  
Because no star adorns his breast:  
The lark soars highest from the earth,  
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.
9. Heed but the bearing of a tree,  
And if it yield a wholesome fruit,  
A shallow, envious fool is he  
Who spurns it for its forest root.
10. Let fair humanity be thine,  
To fellow-man and meanest brute:  
'Tis nobly taught; the code's divine—  
Mercy is God's chief attribute.
11. The coward wretch whose hand and heart  
Can bear to torture aught below,  
Is ever first to quail and start  
From slightest pain or equal foe.
12. Be not too ready to condemn  
The wrong thy brothers may have done;  
Ere ye too harshly censure them  
For human faults, ask—"Have I none?"
13. Live that thy young and glowing breast  
Can think of death without a sigh;  
And be assured *that* life is best  
Which finds us least afraid to die!

## LESSON XLVI.

## HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

1. Young persons are too apt to suppose that little circumstances, which happen every day, and little temptations, to which they daily yield, will all be forgotten, or have no influence upon them, when they become men or women. They have not had sufficient experience to know how much the whole life of any individual may be influenced by an apparently trifling event of his childhood.

2. When a person discharges a musket, he finds that the smallest departure from the true aim, will give a direction to the ball, which will carry it to a wide distance from the mark. And so it is with a very little sin in early life; it may give a direction to our conduct that may lead us far away from the point at which we should all aim.

3. When John was about thirteen years old, he left his paternal roof, in the north of New Jersey, and went to Philadelphia, to learn a trade. He entered as an apprentice with his brother, a coachmaker in the northern part of the city.

4. On a certain occasion he was sent to a drug store for a half gallon of oil. He had frequently been sent on a similar errand, and had been accustomed to pay twenty-five cents for the oil. But it happened that oil had fallen, and the price on the present occasion was only twenty cents, of which, however, he was not informed.

5. He had taken with him, to pay for the oil, a one dollar note, and having obtained the article, he presented the note, and received in change—not, as he expected, three quarters of a dollar, but four pistareens.

6. It may be necessary to remark, that the pistareen was an old Spanish coin, of the value of twenty cents, which was in extensive circulation twenty years ago. At the present day they are but rarely

met with, and my young readers may never have seen them. John, who had never been much troubled with money changing, and was ignorant of their value, supposed they were quarters of a dollar, and that the druggist had given him four instead of three.

7. He had been taught when a child to be honest. He knew that he ought to do to others, as he would have others do to him; and that it was as dishonest to take advantage of another's mistake to take what was not his own, as to cheat in any other way. His first impulse, therefore, was to return one of the pieces to the man; but before he had time to carry out his feelings into practice, the thought occurred to him, that he would give three of them to his brother, as the right change, and keep the fourth for himself.

8. He closed his hand upon the money, picked up his jug, and left the store. He stopped, however, upon the step, and looked at his money. There were certainly four, and he should have but three. Conscience began to reprove him, but selfishness claimed the fourth as its own. The latter pleaded the hardest; and fearing lest the druggist should discover his mistake and recall him, he hurried off homeward, thinking of his good fortune.

9. The jug in which he carried the oil had no handle, and John was forced to carry it by a string, tied around its neck. This so cut his fingers, that after changing it from one hand to the other several times, he was compelled to stop at the distance of a square, and rest.

10. Setting down the oil, and seating himself upon a step, he took out his supposed quarters of a dollar to convince himself there was one too many. But although he congratulated himself on his good fortune, John's heart was not at ease.

11. He knew he should have returned one of the pieces to Mr. W——, the store-keeper; that in keeping it he was acting dishonestly, and that he ought still to turn back, and correct the mistake. But cupidity was as busy as conscience, and soon framed

a number of good reasons why it was properly and lawfully his.

12. The druggist ought not to have made the mistake, and would justly lose by his carelessness. To Mr. W — a quarter of a dollar was but a trifle, and would never be missed, whilst to him it was a large amount.

13. Besides, it was too late now to return. If he did, he should probably be censured for not returning at first; — and then he would be losing too much time, and displease his brother. How strangely people will balance the account of their sins, by making the omission of one atone for the commission of another! John entirely convinced himself that he should be wronging his brother of his valuable time, by returning to rectify so trifling a mistake. He proceeded on his way.

14. But by the time he reached a second corner, his conscience, as well as his jug, began to be very heavy again. He again sat down to rest, and to settle the dispute between his principles and his desires; and again went on his way determined to keep the money, but by no means satisfied that he was doing right.

15. The next corner brought John a third time to a stand. Rest relieved the smartings of his hands, but the cuttings of his conscience were not so readily palliated. He meditated some minutes. Conscience now became urgent in its demands. But he was ashamed to go back.

16. He wished he had obeyed his first honest impulse. He felt very unhappy. But he must not delay. He had already been a good while about his errand. He took up his jug. He was undecided whether to go forward or to return. He stood one moment and determined — to go back.

17. It was a hard task to trudge back three long squares with a heavy jug, without a handle; and more than once he had almost determined to give up his honest resolution. But he persevered, reached the store, and set down his load. "You have given me too much

change," said he, presenting the four pistareens to Mr. W——; "you have given me four quarters of a dollar, instead of three."

18 "And how far had you got before you discovered the mistake?" said Mr. W——. This was a stumper; for John had discovered it before he left the store, and he now imagined that the druggist was acquainted with the whole circumstance. But such was not the fact. Mr. W—— knew that, from the time John had been gone, he must have got some distance, and he wished to know how far.

19. Supposing from his silence that he did not understand him, he repeated the question in another shape. "I say, how far, my boy, have you been since you were here?"

John recovered from his embarrassment. "To Callowhill Street, sir."

20. "You think there is a quarter too much, do you? Well, you may have that for your honesty."

John thanked him, and putting the pistareens into his pocket, without suspecting the joke, he resumed his burden, with far different feelings from those that had filled his bosom half an hour before.

21. As he was about leaving the store, "Stop, my man," said Mr. W——; "I will not deceive you. You have your right change. The oil is twenty cents, and those four pieces are not quarters of a dollar; they are twenty cent pieces."

22. "Here is a quarter," continued the benevolent store-keeper, taking one from his drawer, "which I will give you. You can notice the difference between them as you go home; and let me advise you always to deal as honestly as you have to-day."

23. Who can imagine the feelings of the boy when he saw the real state of the matter, and knew, in an instant, that, had he persevered in his sinful project, he must, from the very nature of the circumstances, have been discovered? "Had I carried out my first intentions," said he to me, when he related the anecdote.



dote, "I should have handed my brother three of the pistareens.

24. "He would of course have asked for the balance, and I should have been driven to add falsehood to my crime, by saying that was all he gave me. In all probability, I should have been detected, and sent back to my father in disgrace. It would have stamped my character with dishonesty, from which I might never have recovered." As it was, he picked up his jug, and with a light heart and rapid step proceeded up the street.

25. He was so rejoiced at the happy result, and so thankful for his preservation, that he set out on a run, and did not feel the old string cut his fingers till he reached the third corner, where he had resolved upon returning to the store. During thirty-five years that he lived after this event, he never forgot the lesson it taught him; and throughout his life, in private business, and in public office, he ever acted under the firm conviction that "*honesty is the best policy.*"

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## LESSON XLVII.

### IMPROPER HABITS.

1. I HATE to see an idle dunce,  
Who don't get up till eight,  
Come slowly moping into school,  
A half an hour too late.
- 2 I hate to see his shabby dress;  
The buttons off his clothes;  
With blacking on his hands and face,  
Instead of on his shoes.
3. I hate to see a scholar gape  
And yawn upon his seat.  
Or lay his head upon his desk,  
As if almost asleep.

4. I hate to see him in his class  
     Sit leaning on his neighbor,  
     As if to hold himself upright  
     Were such prodigious labor.
5. I hate to see a boy so rude,  
     That one might think him raised  
     In some wild region of the woods,  
     And but half civilized.
6. I hate to see a scholar's desk  
     With toys and playthings full,  
     As if to play with rattle traps  
     Were all he did at school.
7. I hate to see a shabby book,  
     With half the leaves torn out,  
     And used as if its owner thought  
     'T were made to toss about.
8. And now I've told you what I hate,  
     I'll only stop to say,  
     Perhaps I'll tell you what I love,  
     Upon some other day.

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## LESSON XLVIII.

### RIGHT AND WRONG.

1 "I AM going to buy some marbles, Sam; will you go with me?" said Robert Ellis to the boy who occupied the desk next his, as they left the school-room together.

The two boys were soon standing at Mr. Moore's counter, discussing with great animation the merits and prices of the marbles offered for their inspection. The important selection was at length made, and the marbles paid for.

2. "I gave you a ten cent piece," said Robert to the shopman, as he looked at his change, "and you have given me back four cents."

"Was it ten cents?" said the man, looking at it again. "I thought it was twelve and a half."

3. As he said this, he swept the two cents which Robert handed back to him into the drawer, and the two boys left the shop.

"That's an honest little fellow," said a man who sat behind the counter, reading the newspaper,—"*a very honest little fellow; who is he?*"

4. Robert's companion, however, expressed a different opinion. As soon as they left the shop, he called out—"Why, Robert, what a fool you were, to tell that man you only gave him ten cents!"

Robert stared. "Why, you would not have had me cheat him, would you?" said he.

5. "Cheat! no, but you did not cheat him; he cheated himself."

"Don't you think it would have been cheating if I had taken four cents when he only owed me two? I don't see what you call cheating, if that is not."

"I don't see why you should trouble yourself to correct his mistakes. If he chooses to be so careless, *it is his own lookout.*"

6. They had by this time joined the group of boys who were playing marbles on the meeting-house steps, and the conversation was dropped; but Robert did not forget it. He was a boy of good sense and sound principles, and Samuel's arguments did not convince him.

7. Samuel was a new acquaintance. His father and mother had lately moved into the village, and as Samuel was very lively and entertaining, he soon became a favorite among the boys.

Robert had liked him as well as others; but now his confidence in him sensibly diminished.

8. The new doctrine he had advanced this evening appeared to Robert nothing less than downright dishonesty; and he began to look upon his new friend somewhat suspiciously. Unwilling, however, to think ill of him, he endeavored to persuade himself that it was only *his odd way of talking*; and, when he took

his seat in school the next morning, he felt almost as cordially towards him as ever.

9. "I have not done my sums," said Samuel, in recess; "I could not do them last night, and I have not time now; — what shall I do?"

"Do as many of them as you can," replied Robert, 'and perhaps Mr. French will excuse your not doing the rest."

10. "That plan won't do," replied Samuel. "I tried it yesterday; but I'll tell you what *will*. If you will only do part of them while I do the rest, we shall get them all done in time, and then I can copy them off."

"Oh! that would be cheating," cried Robert; "I can't do that; I should not think you would want to have me, Sam."

"Cheating! you are always talking about cheating. Pray, what cheating is there in that?"

11. "Why, would it not be deceiving Mr. French, to make him think you had done all?"

"Well, don't stand here preaching," interrupted Samuel; "I might have finished half of them while we have been talking. Say at once, yes or no."

"No," said Robert firmly.

Samuel walked off in high indignation, and Robert, too, was not a little angry.

12. After school, he did not join Samuel as usual, but walked home alone. His thoughts were still occupied with Samuel's conduct, and he felt more unhappy than he had done before for a long time. Finally he concluded to tell his father the whole affair, and ask him if he did not think it would have been dishonest for him to perform another person's task, for the purpose of deceiving his teacher.

13. "But then, I was angry with Sam," thought he, "when he told all the boys that I was cross; and father will say that was very wrong. But I know it was wrong myself; and I will tell him the whole, if I tell any." This resolution taken, he again felt

easy; and in the evening he related to his father the circumstances we have mentioned.

14. "I am glad, Robert," said Mr. Ellis, "that you have told me all this: I should be sorry to have you led away by a bad boy, or puzzled by his arguments. You see, in the first instance, that it is no less dishonesty to retain what does not belong to you when given to you by mistake, than to take it yourself.

15. "I am glad that you had principle enough to refuse to do Samuel's sums, for you were right in thinking it *dishonest* to abuse Mr. French's confidence in this way. Some people think, Robert, that those only ought to be called *dishonest*, who deceive others in regard to property; but it is the same spirit which leads a boy to present the compositions and sums of another to his teacher, as his own, which would lead him to pass a five cent piece for a six cent piece."

16. "So I thought, father, only I did not know exactly how to say it. But I ought to tell you that I did wrong too, for I was angry when Sam told me not to stand preaching to him; and I can't help feeling a little angry now, when I think of it."

"And why should you feel angry with him, Robert? Do *you* never do wrong?"

17. "Yes, father, but not like Sam."

"Think, my son, of all the wrong feelings and actions which you have indulged to-day, and which are all known to your heavenly Father; and do you find such a wide difference between your sins and Samuel's?"

18. Robert said nothing; and, after a pause, his father continued, "I do not wish you to make a *friend* of Samuel, because I think, from what I hear, that his influence will be a bad one; but I *do* wish you to treat him kindly wherever you meet him, and let *your* influence and *your* example be good."

# LESSON XLIX.

## GOOD MORNING.

1. "O, I am so happy!" a little girl said,  
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle bed;  
"'Tis morning — bright morning! Good Morning  
papa.

O, give me one kiss for Good Morning, mamma.  
Only just look at my pretty canary,  
Chirping his sweet 'Good Morning to Mary;'  
The sun is just peeping straight into my eyes —  
Good Morning to you, Mister Sun; for you rise  
Early to wake up my birdie and me,  
And make us as happy as happy can be."

2. "Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"  
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl,  
"Happy you can be — but think of the One  
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun."  
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod —  
"Ma, may I say, then, 'Good Morning to God'?"  
"Yes, dear little Mary, most surely you may;  
Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray."  
Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes  
Looking up earnestly into the skies; —

3. And two little hands that were folded together,  
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother;  
"Good Morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,  
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;  
For taking good care of me all the dark night,  
And waking me up with the beautiful light.  
O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,  
Dear Father, who taught little children to pray."  
An angel looked down in the sunshine, and smiled;  
But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child.

## LESSON L.

## LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

1. DAFFYDOWNDILLY was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

2. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than any body else in the world. Certainly, he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

3. Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school room with a certain awful birch rod in his hand.

4. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class, who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of a quiet moment in the school room of Mr. Toil.

5. "This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy.

6. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

7. "I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

8. So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

9. "Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger, and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

10. Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil, and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the schoolmaster again.

11. "O, very well, my little friend," answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

12. Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many



other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand, that he should get along through the world much easier, by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

13. They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be, to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by Mr. Toil.

14. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us."

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster," answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

15. And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves.

16. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers, to make haste while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer, were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his school room.

17. "Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is

not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

18. Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but a little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house.

19. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight, to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broadaxe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

20. But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again."

21. "Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

22. The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men

seemed to feel, that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

23. "O, no; this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way, as soon as possible."

24. Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders.

25. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums, and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music, that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. If he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

26. "Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice, which had spoken to the soldiers, sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth.

27. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand! And though he held his head so high, and strutted

like a turkey cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable, as when he was hearing lessons in the school room.

28. "This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffy downdilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away for fear he should make us enlist in his company."

29. "You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

30. So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, presently, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

31. "O, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here."

32. But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity, as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied, that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

33. "O, dear me," whispered he, turning pale, "it

seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil, in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

34. "This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mr. Pleasure; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best, think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

35. "Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler, at all."

36. Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there.

37. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Every where, there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

38. Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion to let him sit down, and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

39. But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

40. "There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

41. "O, take me back! take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school house."

42. "Yonder it is — there is the school house," said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come, we will go back to school together."

43. There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

44. Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant, as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

## LESSON LI.

## SUSAN'S DREAM.

1. SUSAN, when about twelve years of age, dreamed a strange dream. She thought she was in her chamber on the last day of the vacation, collecting her books and work, because she was going to school again on Monday, and wanted to have them ready beforehand, like a neat, prudent girl, as she was.

2. After they were all laid together on the table, she went to her drawer for her satchel, and presently, hearing a queer noise behind, she looked, and saw a strange commotion on the table; every article seemed to be jumping up and down, and hustling its neighbors. Then a voice exclaimed, —

3. "Let me speak first, I say; I know more than all the rest of you," — and with that her "Tower's Fifth Reader" hopped to the edge of the table, and flirting its leaves violently, went on to say, "Miss Susan, we are all quarrelling here, and you must settle the dispute."

4. "I just happened to remark that I had no doubt you would be glad enough to take up your books again, for you would like to pass all your time in *reading*; and in a moment all these jealous creatures snapped me up, and said I need not think myself the favorite; and, to be sure, I find each has the vanity to think himself the most worthy and certain of your attention."

5. Susan stood astonished enough at this unexpected address; for though she had always found her book full of words, she had never heard it speak before. But she never suffered herself when awake to be disturbed by trifles, so in her dream she quietly asked the book if he considered *himself* her favorite.

6. "Certainly; that is, I mean, you must prefer reading to stupid writing, ciphering, and poking your needle through a piece of cloth. In fact, it is my

opinion that you ought to devote the principal part of your time to books, and in future I hope you will."

"Why *ought* I to do so?"

7. "Because it is much the pleasantest way of passing time, and because it is the only way of getting knowledge. Why, what would you know if it were not for books? How much wiser would you be if you should do the hardest sums that were ever thought of, or make a fine shirt better than any woman that ever wore a thimble? And as to writing, what do girls want to write for?"

8. Here a new *pen* flew up in indignation, and exclaimed, "I should like to know how much reading there would be, if there had never been any writing? I should like to know, Mr. Reader, if there were not many pens at work upon *you*, before you came out so grand in the shape of a book to be read.

9. "And I should like to know if Miss Susan would not be glad to hold some communication with her father, mother, and sisters, when she is gone away from them? And won't a letter from her be a great comfort to her brother, who is gone to Calcutta? And won't she be very much ashamed not to be able to write, when almost every body else can? And won't it be very often inconvenient and mortifying to get other people to write for her, when she might just as well have learned to do it herself?

10. "I know it requires time and patience, Miss Susan, to learn to write a handsome hand; but you will find yourself paid for it, I assure you; and if I were you, I should much rather neglect this stupid neighbor of mine here, with whom I am so often yoked, — 'Reading, Writing, and Ciphering,' — to be sure, as if we of course go in company."

11. And here the pen spitefully tried to stick his point into the slate; but he only injured himself, as spiteful people generally do. The sober slate grunted out, "My feelings are not at all hurt by the remarks



of these lively people, and I suppose they will say I have no more sense than a stone.

12. "But, Miss Susan, I do feel the usefulness of the ancient science of arithmetic too much to hear it spoken of with such contempt; and, let me assure you, there is no doing without it nowadays. Money, money, money, is in every body's mouth, though not in every body's hands.

13. "If you mean to earn money without being cheated, to spend money prudently, even to *do good with money* judiciously, you must know how to *calculate*. And while you are learning arithmetic, you will get a clearer head and better habits of patient application.

14. "I am ashamed to appeal to your pride, as neighbor Pen did; but, I assure you, a girl who cannot answer a simple question in arithmetic will be thought as great a dunce as one that cannot write her name decently. *Needlework*, I acknowledge, may be very stupid work: any fool can learn to thread a needle."

15. Here the slate was interrupted by a variety of odd sounds. It was evident that the needles, from the big darners down to the fine cambric, were all making very pointed observations; and the scissors were indulging in some very cutting remarks. But the thimble, accustomed to pushing matters, at last obtained a hearing.

16. "Miss Susan," she began, "although a female, I mean to use very few words. You can never be a true and useful woman without *us*. If you are skillful at needlework, you will be glad of it, even if you are rich, for the amusement; all take pleasure in doing what they can do well. It will keep you from seeking idle pleasures.

17. "And you can sew for the poor, the sick, and the busy, who have nobody to sew for them. I have known many rich ladies who employed industrious

poor women to sew for them, and then sewed themselves for other poor women, who were either sick or could not sew. Then, if you are poor, how many ways of getting a living it will open for you!

18. "How much poorer and more helpless are those who cannot sew — forced to hard labor, whether they have strength for it or not! Depend on it, a woman who is not expert with the needle, will never be so useful nor so happy as one that is; and the needle should be a woman's comfort and pride."

19. Here the thimble was interrupted in her turn by a strange rustling in the closet, and presently the broom came sweeping out, with the duster over her head like a bonnet; and the broom seemed ready for a brush with any of them, though she attacked only the last speaker.

20. "I think, Mrs. Thimble," said she, "that you have made quite a long speech, considering that you meant to use very few words; but that is the way great talkers always begin. Now, it seems to me you are all wanting poor Miss Susan to be stuck in her chair from morning till night, reading, writing, ciphering, and sewing. I say that will never do.

21. "She will have the backache, and the sideache, and the headache, and be just good for nothing, and have to take quarts of doctor's bitter stuff, and pay for it too, (as if it were not bad enough to swallow it.) Now, she had better be stirring about the house with me.

22. "A girl that don't understand any thing about housework is not fit to be rich nor poor, single nor married. If she be rich, and know nothing of housework, it will never be done properly for her; and besides, she will be apt to expect more of people than they can possibly do, just out of her ignorance.

23. "Then, if she be poor, every body knows how important housework must be to her, not merely to save money and time; she absolutely cannot get along

without it. If she be married, she can't accomplish so much for her husband and children without it. If she be single, without it she will have to let pass a thousand opportunities of making herself useful to her fellow-creatures.

24. "And we are all bound to get ready for opportunities of usefulness of every kind. There was a rich single lady, who had a cook, and chambermaid, and man to work for her at home, and who went to see a poor sick woman one freezing winter's morning. She found her alone, without fire or food, or any body to help her, and unable to get out of bed.

25. "Instead of wasting time in hunting for others to work, the lady herself made a fire and got some breakfast, swept the dirty room, took the sick woman up, made her bed comfortable, and did it all quick and well — not awkwardly; for in spite of her riches, she had accustomed herself to do such things frequently, from her childhood.

26. "But I am making a long speech too; so I would just advise you, Miss Susan, not to trouble yourself much with these books, pens, and needles, but go to work in the chamber and kitchen, and learn to be useful."

27. Then Susan dreamed that she answered, "I hope to be useful, and remember what you have all said, for there has been some truth spoken by each. But you are each under the common mistake of thinking that because your own business is useful and important, others' cannot be.

28. "Do not be exclusive, my friends. There are twenty-four hours in every day; and if I calculate them right, Mr. Arithmetic Book, I can divide them among you all very fairly, and have time left for other matters. It does not require much time *at once* to learn any thing, if we have good will, perseverance, and method. And I mean to feel the value of each of you, give a portion of every day to each and so.

by dividing my time and affections with each, and striving to excel with each, I hope, before I am twenty, I shall have the power of being useful in many different ways."

29. Here Susan's sleep became less sound; the birds were singing, the cocks crowing loudly, and as the red light of the rising sun poured in through her window, she was beginning to wake; but betwixt sleeping and waking, it seemed to her that a very solemn voice came from her Bible, which was lying near and said, "Remember *me*, too; and Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

30. Susan woke with these sacred words still sounding in her ears; and folding her hands, she said, "I will remember my Creator, and He will remember me, not only at certain times, but all the time. I will have seasons for prayer and for reading his word; and all the rest of the day He shall be often in my thoughts. And He will bless each task, and help me in all I do."

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## LESSON LII.

### GOOD FOR EVIL.

1. THERE is, in the East Indies, a fragrant tree, called the sandal tree. When the woodman mars it, or cuts it down, it gives a sweet odor to the axe that wounds or severs its trunk; and when it sinks to the earth with its green leaves and beautiful blossoms, it breathes out a delicious fragrance upon him who fells it to the ground.

2. There are some aromatic plants in our own country, the geranium and others, that, in like manner, send forth a balmy odor upon those who bruise and crush them in pieces.

3. Thus, as it were, should we perfume with kindness the very persons who most injure us. Thus should we breathe out prayers for their welfare.

4. Archbishop Cranmer, of England, was remarkable for this virtue. When any body treated him with hostility, he singled out that person, and made him the special object of his kind regards. If he never was before, he *then* became interested in his enemy's welfare.

5. It was said of him, "The way to make the archbishop your friend is to do him an injury."

This maxim, indeed, "never to revenge injuries," has been recognized by philosophers and moralists from the very dawn of civilization; but it was reserved for the Author of Christianity to give it as a precept, in its broadest and fullest form, and to surround it with the holiest sanctions:—

6. "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

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## LESSON LIII.

### HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

1. "Don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of affection in this holiday season, when every one is giving and receiving presents?" asked Margaret.

"Nothing of the kind was needed to express his feelings towards me," replied Lizzy. "Knowing that I understood their true quality, he felt that a present would be a mere formality."

2. "You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliments of the season."

"Certainly he might," said Jane. "He's a stingy fellow, and if he doesn't keep Lizzy on bread, and

water when he gets her, my name is not Jane Green. There can be no cause for this neglect but meanness. That's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly."

3. "It isn't right to say that, sister," replied Lizzy. "Edward has other reasons for omitting a custom prevalent at this season, and good reasons, I am well assured. Meanness has nothing to do with it."

4. "Why, if I were a young man, engaged to be married to a lady," said cousin Margaret, "I'd give her a Christmas present, even if I had to sell my shoes."

"Yes; or if I had to borrow or beg the money," added Jane.

5. "All must do as they think best," replied Lizzy. "I am content without a holiday gift."

Yet she could not help feeling a little disappointed; more, perhaps, on account of the appearance of the thing, than from any suspicion of meanness on the part of Edward.

6. "I wish Edward had made Lizzy a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband, a day or two after the holiday had passed. "Jane has been teasing her about his meanness ever since; and I am afraid he is a little close."

7. "Better that he should be so than too free," replied Mr. Green.

"He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told."

"Then I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas presents," said Mr. Green. "No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct."

8. Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while her mother and Jane scolded about his meanness. Edward Mayfield was a young man of good principles, prudent habits, and truly generous feelings; but his generosity consisted in doing real acts of kindness when they were needed.

9. The day before Christmas, Edward sat thinking

about the subject of presents, when something or other gave a new turn to his reflections.

"They don't need any thing," said he to himself, "and yet I propose to spend twenty dollars in presents, merely for appearance' sake. Is this right?"

10. "Right, if you choose to do it," he replied to himself.

"I am not so sure of that," he added, after a pause. And then he sat in quite a musing mood for some minutes.

11. "That is better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feeling spent to a better purpose."

"But they'll expect something," he argued with himself. "The family will think so strangely of it. However, the time will come when I can explain the whole matter."

12. Christmas eve was unusually inclement. The snow had been falling all day, and was driven by a piercing northeaster. It was a night to make the poor feel their poverty, as they crowded shivering over embers, shrinking from the bitter blast, and thinking of their scanty stores.

13. On this dreary night, a small boy stood near a desk in a printing office, waiting for his week's wages.

"You needn't come to-morrow, John," said the printer, as he handed the lad the two dollars that were due him for the week's work. "It is Christmas, you know."

14. The boy took the money, and, after lingering a moment, turned away, evidently disappointed.

Noticing this, the printer said, "You have been a very good boy, John. Here's half a dollar, for a Christmas gift."

15. As the boy came to get the money, the printer, observing his ill-clad feet, said, —

"Which would you rather have, this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?"

"I'd rather have the new shoes," replied John with out hesitation.

16. While the printer was writing an order for them, the lad, looking earnestly into his face, said, with strongly-marked hesitation, —

"I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well yet. Will you please to write shoes for my mother, instead of me?"

The boy's voice trembled, in fear that he was venturing too far.

17. "Does your mother want shoes very much?"

"O, yes, sir. She earned a little, by washing and ironing, till she sprained her wrist, three weeks ago."

"And are your wages all she has to live upon?"

"They are now."

"You have a little sister, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes, also?"

18. "She has had nothing but rags on her feet for a month."

"Indeed!"

The printer turned to his desk, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations.

19. "Take this," said he. "I have told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself, and your little sister, and here is the half dollar."

John took the order and the money, while his lips moved, but no sound came from them, and he left the office.

20. "John is very late to-night," said the poor widow Elliot. She opened the door; but shivering as with an ague fit, she closed it quickly, murmuring, —

"My poor boy, it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad."

21. Just then John entered, with several packages covered with snow.

"There's your Christmas gift, mother," said he, in a



delighted voice ; " and here is mine, and there is Netty's," displaying three pairs of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice.

22. After hearing what passed between John and the printer, his mother said, " The tea, sugar, and rice you bought with the half dollar he gave you ? "

" Yes, they are your Christmas gift from me."

" You're a good boy, John, a very good boy," said the mother, affected by the generous spirit of her son

23. John took off his wet shoes, and dried his feet by the fire, and sat down to his frugal repast.

Some one knocked at the door. A gentleman came in, and said familiarly, —

" How do you do, Mrs. Elliot ? Are you ready to take my washing again ? "

24. " My wrist is better, I thank you, but not well enough for that. A sprain is so long in getting well. I can't do any kind of work. But we get along the best we can on John's two dollars a week."

" Two dollars a week ! You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliot. That is impossible."

" It is all we have," said the widow.

25. Mr. Mayfield kindly inquired into the poor widow's affairs, and then said, —

" I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot. This is the season for tokens of good will. I believe I cannot do better than to spend all I designed giving for this purpose in making you a little more comfortable."

26. Not long after Mr. Mayfield's departure, the loud stroke of a whip handle was heard on the door.

" Is this Mrs. Elliot's ? " asked a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow. " I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think. So hold open the door till I bring it in."

27. John bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself; and it did not take long to transfer the load to the widow's empty storeroom.

"Good night to you, madam," said the carman.  
"It isn't every one who has a friend like yours."

28. "May God reward him!" said Mrs. Elliot fervently, as the man closed the door, and left her with her children.

The present consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour.

29. Then there was a bag of corn meal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter, &c.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap, thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes, besides a good many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to their use.

30. A large chicken, for a Christmas dinner, and some loaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal.

31. Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap, and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent with it half a ton of coal.

32. Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sewing, —

"We've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well."

33. "You might go and see her this morning. I should not wonder if she stood in need of something. We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot."

"You go and see her, Lizzy," said Jane. "I don't care about visiting poor people in distress."

34. "O, yes, Jane," said Lizzy, "you must go with me. Poor Mrs. Elliot! who knows how much she may have suffered!"

"Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy. I want you to go."

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found every thing comfortable, neat, and clean.

35. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood in need of any thing.

"I should have wanted almost every thing," said the widow, "had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen for whom I washed before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas.

36. "He sent me this nice little stove and a load of coal, provisions, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he could not have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him.

37. "He came on Christmas eve, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along, and then told me that he would send me a little present, instead of giving to those who didn't really need any thing, and who might forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought us a cartload of things, and on Christmas day the stove and coal came."

38. Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow, and in whose eyes shone a bright light.

"Then you do not need any thing?" said Lizzy.

"No, I thank you kindly, not now. Long before my provisions are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again."

39. "Forgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward," said Jane, as they left the widow's house. "He is generous and noble hearted. This action stamps his character, Lizzy. You may well be proud of him."

40. Lizzy did not trust herself to reply. When Jane told her father about the widow, (for Lizzy was modestly silent upon the subject,) Mr. Green said,—

"That was nobly done. There is the ring of the genuine coin. I am proud of him."

41. Tears came into Lizzy's eyes, as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly.

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a lesson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents. How much money is wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might be a lasting good, if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel!"

## LESSON LIV.

### INSISTING UPON AN ASSERTION.

1. THE habit of insisting upon what you once assert is sure to destroy domestic peace.

One of your playmates may make a statement which you do not think quite accurate. If you give your own belief about it, speak gently. If he insists, do not insist in turn.

2. If he is right, you will thus be saved from mortification; and if he is wrong, he will soon enough be mortified.

I dined with a friend, not long since, when I heard the following dispute between her boys:—

3. "It is a mile down to Mr. Wilson's," said one of them.

"A mile!" exclaimed his brother. "That is just like you, Sam. It is not more than half a mile."

"I say it is, William, a full mile, and more, if any thing."

4. "Nonsense, Sam. It is no more a mile than it is a mile to the ferry."

"I think I ought to know, for I have just walked it."

"I wonder if I have not walked it, too, Sam. I don't believe it is an inch over a half mile."

5. "Well, I know it's a mile," insisted Sam. "Here comes Mr. Wilson. I'll leave it to him."

Mr. Wilson being thus appealed to, said it was

just half a mile. The dispute being decided in William's favor, he should have been content. A kind spirit never triumphs in victory.

6. "That is just like you, Sam," he said; "you are always half a mile off from the fact." Sam was naturally provoked, and replied angrily. Both boys had to be sent away from the table. Every body was uncomfortable, and the pleasure of the meal was destroyed.

7. The spirit of contradiction, growing up in the boy, leads the man into serious quarrels, into brawls, fights, and duels. A most tragic duel once arose from a dispute about a passage in Shakspeare.

One quoted the passage, the other asserted that he had misquoted it.

8. Instead of referring to the book, and good naturedly settling it, they became angry and insulting. A duel ensued. One of the parties was killed. The other repented, but too late. He had killed his friend, and for what a cause!

He lost his senses, and passed the rest of his days — and they were many — in pacing up and down the cell of a madhouse, marking out the ground for a duel, and turning to fire.

9. His steps wore a channel in the stone pavement. This duel, my young friends, and I may add most duels and most wars, too, began in a trifling dispute — a dispute that a gentle word would have ended.

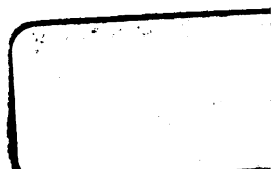
Do not bend your opinions to the will of others. Form them independently, according to your knowledge, judgment, and sense of right.

10. Adhere to your opinions steadfastly, but yield them when you are convinced that they are wrong.

But if called upon to express your dissent from the opinions of others, or the firmness of your own convictions, do it modestly; and if convinced you are wrong, say so frankly









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